



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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## A Madonna

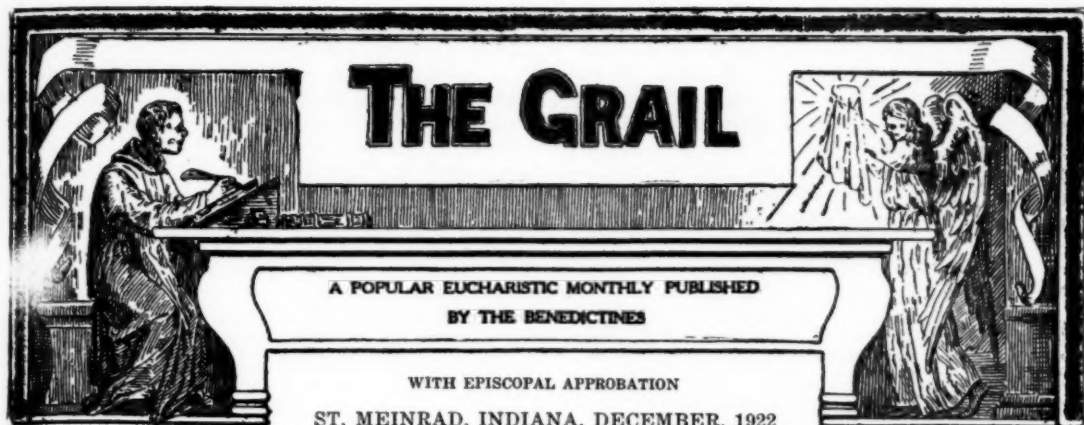
ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

Just where the silvery moonbeams fall,  
Above the desk on my study wall,  
There gleams a visage more sweet than all

I have fancied of nymph or fairy;  
E'en when the shadows enfold the room,  
I see it still through the shrouding gloom.  
No night so dark as to hide the bloom  
Of that pictured face of Mary.

Madonna fair of an artist's dream,  
To me as to him dost thou living seem;  
Full oft from thine eyes benedictions gleam

That incite me to fresh endeavor.  
O Mother mine, may the tender grace  
That hath won my love for thy pictured face  
Still guard my heart from affections base  
Till I gaze on thyself forever.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### Christmas Thoughts

To all our readers a "Merry Christmas!" May the dear Infant Jesus bestow His choicest blessings on them one and all and fill their hearts with joy and happiness.

The joyous feast of Christmas carries us back to childhood's happy days before we were undeceived and conjures up the time when we used to hang our stockings for Santa Claus to fill, the eagerness with which we jumped out of bed long before the dawn to see if old Santa Claus had been there, and of our hastening out in the early morning to see if we could discover the tracks of the reindeer and the sleigh.

But now Advent invites us to prepare the way for the birth of Christ in our hearts. Would that all our people understood and could enter into the spirit of Advent and celebrate it as the Church would have us do—in the practice of penance for the sins of the past, in mortification, prayer, and other virtuous deeds. It is thus that we can prepare in our hearts a suitable place for the Infant Jesus.

Christmas is a love-feast, a feast that tells of love divine, of love that surpasses all understanding. That Jesus, out of love for us, should descend from the heights of heaven, from eternal bliss, and take upon Himself the form of man, to show us the way to unending happiness and glory which had been lost through sin, requires a love that is beyond our comprehension. That same love caused Him to establish His Church wherein all men should be saved. But alas! how extremely few of the earth's more than one and a half billion are within that Church whose destiny it is to rescue them from eternal perdition. Yes, of this vast number only about two hundred and sixty-six million are in His fold while some one hundred and seventy-nine million Protestants and one hundred and thirty-two million schismatic Greeks are wandering in error over the globe shepherdless. Twelve million Jews, two hundred and thirty-five million Mohammedans, and

eight hundred and twenty-eight million heathens are still waiting to be evangelized. The field is extensive, the harvest is ripe, and the laborers are few. "Go thou also into my vineyard" is the command that He directs to you this day. You are also called to the apostolate, perhaps not as priest and missionary in foreign lands, nor as sister or nurse, but to the apostolate of a good Christian life. Thus you will exhale the "good odor" of Christ and your life will be a constant sermon to those with whom you come in contact.

At this happy Christmas-tide pray to the Divine Infant that the object of His coming upon earth may be attained, that all men may become one in faith, that there may be but one sheepfold and one shepherd, that all who have left the bonds of unity may return thereto, that all who know not the good God may be enlightened. This is the object for which we pray during Church Unity Octave from January 18 to 25 inclusive, it is the object, too, for which the International Eucharistic League under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost prays each day of the year.

Promise the Infant Jesus that you will do your share in helping Him attain the object for which He came among men. First of all put your own house in order by proper conduct and the frequenting of the holy sacraments, for example is a more powerful sermon than pious admonitions. Then join us in the International Eucharistic League to fight for this holy cause. No new obligations are added to those you already have. Apply for membership and get a certificate of admission. All that you are asked to do as a member of the League is to make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions throughout the world. This is surely not difficult to do. You are accustomed to attend Mass occasionally and receive Holy Communion at least once in a while if not frequently. Offer up one of these Masses and Holy Communions at stated intervals, there are no other requirements. There is no reason why everyone of our readers could not belong to this International Eucharistic League. Join at

this holy season and get your friends interested too. The Infant Jesus invites you, do not refuse Him. Send in your application to the editor of THE GRAIL, who is the director of the League for the United States. Why not become a promoter and help to advance the good cause?—God grant you all in the sweet spirit of the new-born Christ a “Merry Christmas!”

### Expecting

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

*Sentire cum Ecclesia*—to think, to feel, to live with the Church must be the watchword of every person who wishes to be styled a practical Catholic. This is a topic which would demand volumes to exhaust in all its phases, yet with the coming of Advent it is well to consider what it requires of us during these weeks.

Ask many people what Advent means and they will answer that during this time we prepare for Christmas, and that Christmas is the commemoration of Christ's birth. But if this is the only significance they can find in Advent and Christmas, then they have fallen far short of the mark.

The feasts of the Church are far more than a mere commemoration of a great historical event. So, too, for that matter, are all our legal holidays. When we celebrate the birth of Washington or the Declaration of Independence, for example, we not only observe great anniversaries, but we must take occasion from these days to renew within ourselves the sublime patriotism which animated the Father of our country and awaken anew the spirit of true liberty which conceived that Declaration.

Thus also on the feasts of the Church. The Church is the body of Christ in whom the life of Christ is lived over again each year. Now this body is not something abstract, but composed of real, living members, namely, the faithful in communion with the Holy See. Viewed in this light, it is easy to see that he who lives close to this life of the Church, is the true and faithful and living member. So when the Church mourns at seeing again the suffering and dying Jesus in Lent and Holy Week, he also mourns; when she rejoices at seeing Him rise from the dead and ascend into heaven, he also rejoices; when she receives anew the Paraclete at Pentecost, he also places himself in spirit in the cenacle and receives a new infusion of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, in reality, it is more proper to say on these days not that Christ died or rose again, etc., but that Christ dies, rises again, ascends into heaven, and sends down His Holy Spirit, for on these days these same mysteries operate anew in the members of His body, the Church. Who is there who can deny that on these days, when we enter into them properly disposed, we receive very great graces, graces that are of the mysteries we celebrate.

Now Christmas is coming on apace. When we consider the fact that on Christmas day we not only celebrate the historical event of our Savior's birth, but that on this day He is born anew in the members of His

body, the Church, then the meaning of Advent is quite obvious. For us to go through a season of real and present penance and compunction to prepare for the celebration of an occurrence near two thousand years past, would be strange indeed. But to prepare our hearts for the reception of our new-born Savior is both reasonable and necessary.

Christmas is the sweetest feast of all the year. It is the birthday of Him who is the richest and most generous King. On His birthday His gifts are without measure, gifts of joy, of peace, and of countless graces. But these gifts are only to those who are worthy, and Advent is the time given us to bring about this worthiness. And how prepare for the Prince's coming? Just as we prepare our dwelling for a visitor—by cleansing and putting in order and adorning. We cleanse our soul by contrition and confession and penance; we put it in order by recollection and detachment from the distractions and pleasures of the world; and adorn it by prayer and acts of virtue. This is the spirit of Advent, and it is he who makes the most of these weeks of preparation who will taste to the full the “peace to men of good will” on that day, and know in truth what “merry Christmas” means.

### At the Manger

NANCY BUCKLEY

A Baby lies asleep in lowly stall,  
A woman bends above Him, that is all.  
All? Then why the songs so arrow-swift and rare  
That quiver through the eager midnight air?  
And why the golden star that showers down  
A wealth of glory on the little town?

Oh! let me quickly look again and see  
My God become that tiny Babe for me,  
And she from out whose throbbing virgin heart  
Bright tears of holy rapture start,  
Is blessed Mary, ever sweet and mild  
Who gently leads me to her little Child.

### Benediction

MAUDE BONNER

Low-kneeling throngs wrapt in hushed adoration,  
Faces, tear-dewed, to Our Lord's face uplifted,  
God-given tears, wept in mute supplication  
To Him, with Whose bounties His creatures are gifted.

Candles ablaze as with love's steadfast burning,  
Flaming to death in His cause—waxen martyrs;  
Flowers their rare, perfumed sweetness returning,  
As knowing their homage His Sacred Heart cheers.

Low, throbbing organ tones, mellow, divine;  
Voices upraised in sublime faith's conviction;  
Monstrance of gold on high, flashing His sign  
Through incensed air breathless with God's benediction.



# The Holy Grail

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

(Continued)

Titarel, the last of the descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, receives a sign from an angel and goes in search of the Holy Grail

## THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

On the plains of Gaul in beauty rested  
A summer day in its golden prime,  
The snowy clouds the far hills crested,  
And earth was fair as in Eden time.

Then Titarel, the brave and fearless,  
Prince of the Franklands fair and broad,  
In paynim strife the hero peerless,  
Went out alone to commune with God.

And lo! in his path a cloud descended  
White as the snow, and with star-crowned head  
And shining garments an angel splendid  
Appeared before him and, speaking, said:

"O Titarel, of God elected  
To keep the guard of the Holy Grail,  
Stand fast until in faith perfected  
To thee there come a sign without fail."

Duly he put his house in order  
And once again, as he walked abroad,  
Came the snowy cloud with the golden border  
And he knew the sign as sent from God.

He left his lands and wealth to strangers  
And followed the cloud as the prophet of old,  
O'er crag and steep in ways of danger,  
Of giants fearful and foemen bold.

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He came to a mount where the steep crags jutted,  
Where chasms deep led down to death,  
Where blasted trees hung thousand rooted  
And icy winds caught the laboring breath.

From thorns and briars his limbs were bleeding,  
The driving hail whipped his upturned face;  
The lightning showed his figure speeding  
As round him burned its awful trace.

He reached the summit, and lo! there rested  
The snowy cloud, and in shining mail,  
Their flowing locks with helmets crested,  
Stood the Mystic Knights of the Holy Grail.

A moment more and the white cloud parted,  
And out of its folds gleamed the Cup of Grace,  
The glory of God from its fair brim darted  
And streamed in a tide on the good knight's face.

The Mystic Knights in tones of gladness  
Cried: "Hail! for thee we have waited long;  
The morning breaks on our night of sadness,  
We hail thee, Priest of the Cup, with song!

"Years and years we have prayed and waited  
For the stainless knight that could pierce the veil.  
'Tis thine, O brother consecrated,  
To lead the guard of the Holy Grail."

(To be Continued)



HANS STADELMANN: MONSALVAT—THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY GRAIL

## Beaten at his Own Game

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER, this is my friend, Guy Thresher," Dan Hornung explained as he introduced his university chum to Father Gilbert.

"You will spend the Christmas holidays with Dan, I presume," suggested Father Gilbert as he welcomed the new acquaintance.

"Yes, Father, at least part of it."

"Bring your friend around to see me, Dan, before he leaves."

"I shall be glad to do so, Father."

The priest tried to catch the stranger's eye, but somehow their eyes would not meet. The memory of this fact was constantly pursuing him.

"What's the matter with that university friend of yours, Dan?" he asked, when they met a day later.

"Nothing that I know of, Father."

"There must be something wrong, for his eye is as elusive as an eel."

"Oh, that's due to embarrassment. You know he is out of his element when he is with priests. He hasn't been to the sacraments for quite a while, I believe, and he doesn't attend Mass regularly either."

"Perhaps you want to say that this is due to embarrassment too. Bring him around and 'knock' the 'embarrassment' out of him, if that is what keeps him from his duties."

"I think he will come around all right, for he was quite favorably impressed by the reception you gave him."

That same evening the two called upon the pastor. Dan found a pretext for absenting himself. Skillfully and tactfully Father Gilbert gradually turned the topic of conversation to frequent communion among university students. Ere long the young man acknowledged his own delinquency. Pressed for a reason, he argued: "Whenever I wanted to go to Communion I was troubled by a constant fear of committing a sacrilege, although my conscience did not reproach me with any serious fault."

"I see. The devil has a finger in it. He fills your imagination with a vague fear of eating the Bread of Life to your own judgment and condemnation. The enemy, knowing the very great fruit and remedy contained in Holy Communion," says the Imitation of Christ, "striveth by every method and occasion, as far as he is able, to withdraw and hinder faithful and devout persons from it." Therefore you must pass boldly over this groundless fear and approach the Holy Table without paying any attention to his vile suggestions. You will generally find

that after you have communicated you will be in peace and your fears gone."

"But even when I did receive formerly I derived no profit from my communions."

"Do you not see Lucifer's finger marks here too? That's his artifice to make the soul believe that when sensible devotion is wanting Holy Communion is without fruit. You must hold fast to obedience to the Church, resist this temptation as well as the other, and go to Holy Communion to be united with God and for the real benefit of your soul, whether you perceive it or not. Sensible devotion is not essential."

"How can I go to Holy Communion when I am bothered with the most horrible thoughts of impurity, blasphemy, and impiety, at the time of reception? Even doubts as to the Real Presence come to my mind. Such anxiety afflicts me that I scarcely know what I am doing or where I am. Then at times I experience dreadful impressions upon my senses."

"To prevent one from receiving so great a good as Holy Communion, the old Nick throws a net around many a timid soul. All the masters of the spiritual life teach us that we must simply despise these bad thoughts and take no notice of them. Why they are rather a reason for communicating than staying away. It is quite evident that they are only temptations to drive us away from the Holy Table. Consequently we ought to resist them and overcome them by approaching more frequently. You fear his assaults against your purity, we ought to fear a hundred times more his efforts to keep us away from the Holy Eucharist. If we give way to them, the devil will have gained just what he wished."

"But suppose I make a bad communion?"

"You will not make a bad communion if you are in the state of grace and have a good intention. If you hold back from communion every time the devil makes you believe that you are going to communicate badly, he will at last succeed in his aim, which is to prevent you from communicating at all. Thus he will deprive you of the strength you need so much to support you. Instead of advancing, then, you will fall back and, once you give up Holy Communion, you will give up all the rest. You see this from your own case. After you failed to go to Holy Communion your next step was to remain away from Mass."

"And yet a person ought to be perfect to approach the Holy Table."

"Of course it fits in with the devil's plan to

inspire you with the idea that Communion is only for the perfect. What's the conclusion? Since no one is perfect no one should receive. Believe me it is not love and esteem for Holy Communion that prompt him to make such suggestions. He has had a hatred from the very beginning for the Holy Eucharist. In the early ages he incited the so-called Docetae to deny this doctrine and in later times he seduced Berengarius to follow their example. But he never succeeded so well as with Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and the other heresiarchs of the sixteenth century. Luther himself acknowledged that the devil once appeared to him in a visible shape and told him to abolish the Sacrifice of the Mass and deny the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Your objections are Jansenistic and as such are condemned by Pope Pius X in his decree on frequent Communion. St. Cyril of Alexandria, too, tells us that a respect that withdraws us from Holy Communion is a diabolical respect."

"Your arguments sound reasonable enough, Father, but when the time comes I know it will make me miserable."

"The evil one seems to hold you tight in the meshes of his net and is quite unwilling to give up his prey so easily. You lack strength now because of your frequent yieldings before. Be courageous and you will overcome this evil influence. Your cure lies in Holy Communion. St. Peter Damian's advice is quite appropriate in your case. 'Brother,' he says, 'endeavor to arm thyself with the daily reception of the Body and Blood of the Lord. Let this enemy see thy lips purpled with the Blood of Christ, which will terrify him and forthwith send him back to his lurking place in the regions of darkness.' Do not delay the matter. Every postponement is a gain for the enemy. This is Saturday. Follow the crowd this evening to church and be among them tomorrow morning at the communion railing. I shall expect you there."

"I'll try to come, Father."

"Very well. Pay me a visit tomorrow, for I know you will be like a new man."

To Father Gilbert's joy Guy Thresher was among the penitents that approached the sacred tribunal. The Hornungs remarked how happy their guest appeared on his return from church that evening. Sunday morning came. Crowds flocked to the Holy Table. One, however, was missing. Father Gilbert looked in vain for Guy Thresher. The good pastor was sorely disappointed. He now realized better than ever what a severe struggle was being waged between the devil and the Holy Eucharist for the control of a weak soul. On Monday morning he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the com-

plete conquest of the enemy. But not satisfied with this, he begged the school children to receive Holy Communion for a very special intention. Mr. Thresher's next appearance justified Father Gilbert's fears as to the reason for his absence from the Holy Table. As on former occasions, he had again yielded to the suggestions of the enemy. The priest's admonition seemed to make no impression. Was he to despair? No, he knew no such word.

In the Hornung family there were two small boys, twins, who had become favorites of Dan's chum. He promised to buy them a Christmas present if they would tell him what they wanted. Knowing that Father Gilbert's wish was to get their guest to go to Holy Communion, they answered that they would let him know in writing. That evening he found on his table a note in which he was asked to grant them the privilege of kneeling one on either side of him at the communion railing on Christmas morning. That would be the best present he could give them.

"The little rogues!" They had gotten ahead of him this time, yet he had promised them, and he dare not go back on his word. That would be dishonorable.

In the Hornung household as well as in the heart of the university student "Merry Christmas" had a deep meaning, for it brought peace and happiness to a troubled soul.

"The arrows of children have become the devil's wounds!" exclaimed Father Gilbert in the words of the psalmist when he heard of the pious artifice and how it had worked out. "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will," he thought as he pondered over this miracle of grace.

That his cure had really been effected was proved by his subsequent frequenting of the sacraments and by his becoming an enthusiastic worker for frequent Communion among his Catholic fellow students.

You show me the greatness of your love, O Jesus, by your infinite goodness in giving yourself to me this day.—Faber.

## Life's Highways

ANNA WHITELAW

When all life's highways you have tried,  
And the world to you but failure cried,  
And bruised and baffled, facing the wall,  
You know not whence you hear the call—  
Then rest awhile, resign with ease,  
For your soul must know prevailing peace  
Ere it can vision the pointing star,  
And find the path you've missed so far.

## The Christmas Roses

MARY CLARK JACOBS

"ONE dozen roses. Send them to me at once please. This is Professor Courtland speaking. Yes. 2478 Harrison Avenue. Thank you." Professor Courtland replaced the receiver and settled himself in his comfortable chair before the blazing logs. The Professor was quite well satisfied with himself and he smiled benignly. It was Christmas morning, that day of which the angels sang "peace on earth to men of good will" and the roses were intended as a Christmas remembrance to an old lady who had been his mother's friend.

He had almost forgotten her. An item in the morning's paper, telling of her convalescence from a recent illness had reminded him of his duty barely in time. He decided that he would take the roses to the hospital himself and thus ease his conscience for the oversight.

"Ah, the flowers are here," he smiled as the bell rang. When the maid brought in the long, slender box, he had donned his heavy coat and with gloves and hat in hand, commanded:

"Annie, get a few sheets of tissue paper from my desk. The box is bulky and unnecessary. I'll arrange the flowers in the tissue."

"It is very cold, sir," she offered the mild protest.

"My car is closed."

When the Professor entered his car, the flowers in his hand, he did not notice that the tissue had split and half of the roses had dropped to the ground and lay unprotected on the cold, cement walk.

As the Professor's car sped up the street, a small boy shivering in his thin, threadbare coat, his hands and face red from the biting cold, turned the corner. His big gray eyes were misty with unshed tears and the corners of his mouth dropped in pathetic lines. His head was bent and every minute or two he murmured: "Christmas and no present for mother! I have nothing to take to mother on Christmas morning."

Then his eyes lighted on the flowers which Professor Courtland had dropped on the sidewalk as he entered his car. A glad little cry escaped his lips as he knelt on the ground and carefully, tenderly gathered them up. Opening his coat, he thrust them within the thin folds to protect them from the wintry winds.

"Flowers!" he breathed ecstatically. "Flowers for mother on Christmas! Oh, dear Babe in Bethlehem, I knew You'd help me! I trusted in You, dear Infant Jesus, 'cause you have a Mother you love and You know all 'bout my

poor sick mother and how I love her, too."

No longer feeling the cold, Jimsie fairly ran the long mile he must travel to the hospital where his mother was very ill. He was too poor to afford car fare, but he hardly noted the distance as his every panting breath was a prayer of gratitude, "Dear Infant Jesus, thank you for mother's Christmas gift."

Professor Courtland did not drive his car direct to the hospital. On the way he stopped for a short visit with a friend to wish him and his family a "merry Christmas." Thus it was that he arrived at his destination just as Jimsie approached the big stone building, a smile of perfect happiness on his pinched, little face. Only then the Professor missed part of the roses and he had barely uttered an exclamation of annoyance, when he saw the boy pause on the broad, stone steps and take from beneath his jacket the roses he had hidden there. Out of the car dashed the Professor, climbed the steps two at a time and clutched the arm of the astonished boy.

"My roses!" he demanded. "You have my roses!"

Jimsie gasped. The flowers! The precious flowers! Must he lose them now? Must he give up his Christmas remembrance to mother? His lips twitched and the man noting it, took his agitation to mean guilt.

"Thief! Give them to me at once. They are mine. I had a dozen roses, and here are the rest of them. No, doubt you took them from my car while I was in my friend's home."

A thief! He was accused of stealing the flowers! His big, gray eyes gazed at the man in dismay. His head whirled and he could not think, could not speak. That morning he had attended Mass and received Holy Communion, and then, instead of returning to the neighbor's home where he lived during his mother's illness, he hastened to the hospital without breakfast. He was weak, faint and very cold, still one thought was dominant above this misery:

"Nothing for mother! No Christmas present for mother!" he muttered, shaking his head sadly. He thrust the flowers into man's hand, gave a low sob of intense anguish and dropped unconscious at his feet.

Professor Courtland was by no means a hard-hearted man. He was merely, like so many of us, a man to whom fortune had been most kind, and while appreciating the bounty a good God had given to him, forgot that with that wealth was an obligation to assist his needy,



suffering brothers, whose outstretched hands he failed to see and whose pleas he would not hear.

As the Professor looked at the seemingly inanimate child at his feet, his first feeling was one of annoyance; and then against his will an angel of mercy touched his heart strings, sending a note of pity to his lips, making him drop to his knees and gather the boy in his arms and carry him to the hospital.

A half hour later, while a doctor and nurse bent over him, Jimsie's eyes fluttered weakly, then opened. He stared at the nurse, the doctor, the professor, wildly for a minute, then determinedly thrust a foot out of bed.

"I must go to mother," he insisted. "I can't stay here. Mother'll be expecting me. It's Christmas and I haven't anything for Mother."

"Why it is the little boy who comes to see his mother in ward four," the nurse smiled. "Now, Jimsie, dear, drink this glass of milk and then I'll take you to mother."

The Professor had picked up his hat and the roses which lay on a chair and was about to depart when that angel of mercy gave another touch to his heart strings. He turned, came back to the bed and lay the roses on the coverlet.

"Boy, take the roses to your sick mother," he said.

"But they are yours, sir," Jimsie protested. "I didn't steal them. I found them on the pavement."

"No doubt I dropped them as I entered my car. Give them to your mother, boy. It's Christmas."

A smile of happiness spread over the boy's face, as he clutched the bunch of roses in his little hands, and slipped away from the nurse's detaining arms.

"Oh, thank you, sir. Mother will be so happy! I didn't have anything at all for her, and I'm so glad to take her the flowers," he smiled and grasped the man's hand impulsively. "Won't you come to see mother, too?"

Business associates of Professor Courtland said he was a hard, unyielding man, but there was something in the boy's eyes, the touch of his hand, that melted the icy escutcheon that success had packed around his heart. Thus the Professor followed him down the corridor and into ward four.

At the door Professor Courtland paused. It was the first time he had ever visited a ward. All his friends, when necessity demanded a stay in the hospital, were established in private rooms. At first it was mere curiosity that made him stare at Jimsie and his mother met. The roses hid the patient's face from him, but he caught her words of welcome to her little son,

and the voice made him gasp with surprise — with hope.

"Jimsie, you are late. Merry Christmas, little son!"

"Merry Christmas, too, Mother. The roses — see the beautiful roses — they're to make merry Christmas for you, Mother darling."

"They are lovely, darling. Where did you get them?"

"A man — such a good man — gave them to me, Mother. He's here. I brought him to see you." The roses moved and the Professor met the eyes of the mother.

"Laura!"

The mother's arms closed tight about her boy.

"Did you come to take him from me?" she demanded weakly.

The man shook his head. He was thinking of that time, seven years previous when he stood at the foot of his wife's bed, not in the public ward of a hospital, but in a richly furnished home to which he had taken her as a bride, and issued his ultimatum: "I was a fool to make such promises. I loved you, Laura, and was willing to promise anything to wed you. Now, I am calmer, saner, and I will not consent to my son being raised a Catholic. He will *not* be baptized." A week later, his wife disappeared, taking her baby son with her and though he had searched for years, he had never heard a word from her. Finally he had come to the conclusion that she and the boy were dead. Now, to find her and his boy thus!

"Laura!" he pleaded. "Forgive me and come back to me! Give me my son! I'm sorry!"

"You mean" — she began weakly.

"The promises I made when I married you will be held sacred. You need not fear that I will ever again give you cause to leave me. You have taught me a lesson. Laura, please!"

The inmates of a public ward are used to many scenes; yet perhaps the most pathetic they had witnessed in many a day was when the faultlessly dressed Professor dropped to his knees and gathered in one arm the frail form of an invalid while the other clutched and held fast a little, shabbily dressed boy.

It was hours later when mother had been removed to a private room with a personal nurse to care for her and her rosy cheeks and smiling face gave promise of a speedy recovery that Jimsie slipped from Professor Courtland's lap and climbed to the bed beside his mother.

"Mother, isn't this wonderful Christmas," he breathed.

"Truly wonderful, dear," the mother smiled.

"I got a fine Christmas present, Mother. I got a really, truly, Daddy."

"Yes, dearest, and you gave Mother a beauti-

ful Christmas gift," she pointed to the dozen roses that rested in a silver vase on a table nearby.

"I knew you'd like them, Mother. I gave" — he glanced at the Professor's face and realizing his selfishness, slipped from the bed and ran to his arms. "Mother, I mean Daddy and I gave them to you and as soon as you are able you're coming home to live with Daddy and me in a big, beautiful house."

"Yes, darling," mother and daddy answered together.

"Mother, I know — I've known all morning that it was the Infant Jesus who made us find Daddy on His great feast day. It was the Babe of Bethlehem who whispered to Daddy and told him to give me the Christmas roses for Mother."

"It was the Babe of Bethlehem," the mother smiled through happy tears.

Professor Courtland held his little son close and his hand sought and found that of his wife on the coverlet.

"Jimsie, you and Mother must tell Daddy all about the Infant Jesus and lots of other things. He ought to know them — Daddy's ashamed to think now that he neglected such important things for so long, but you'll find him a willing student, little son."

And while the boy vouchsafed his eagerness to begin the important lesson at once, the heart of the mother sang a *Te Deum* of thanks.

## St. Sabbas Abbot

A. C. MCK.

"All that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life," says St. John in his first Epistle. The world declares that men cannot be happy unless they are rich, and teaches its followers to seek the gratification of the senses and to cultivate the spirit of self-assertiveness. Those who leave the world and by their vow practice, for the love of God, poverty, chastity, and obedience, prove that the world is wrong.

St. Sabbas, one of the renowned patriarchs of the monks of Palestine, was born in Caesarea in 439. His parents were of a wealthy and influential family. His father was an officer in the army, and being sent by the King to Alexandria, took the mother of Sabbas with him and left his son in the care of an uncle, a brother of the mother. The wife of this uncle treated him unkindly and he went to live with another uncle, a brother of his father. This brother, having the care of the youth, demanded also the administration of the estate. The first un-

cle was unwilling to give up the advantages coming to one entrusted with the care of large possessions. Thus lawsuits and consequent enmities arose between the uncles. Sabbas, who was of a quiet and peaceful disposition, was displeased at this, and resolved to announce forever those things which were the cause of so great evils in the world. He retired to a monastery and, being received by the Abbot, was instructed in the science of the saints and the rules of the monastic profession.

His uncles, in time, becoming ashamed of their conduct toward a nephew, agreed to take him from the monastery, restore his estate, and persuade him to marry.

Sabbas refused, convinced that amid the distractions and cares of the world it would not be possible or likely he could attain the perfection to which he aspired. The uncles used all the means in their power to gain their point, but St. Sabbas, having tasted of that "peace which the world cannot give," remained firm in his good resolution, and applied himself with renewed vigor to the practice of virtue.

When he had lived ten years in the monastery, he was permitted by the Abbot to visit the holy places at Jerusalem, and also to profit by the example of the eminent solitaries of that country.

When twenty-four he entered the cave of Euthymius, near Jerusalem, and lived there five years. Then he went about, as was customary in those days, to learn what was observed in various monasteries before founding his own.

He was evidently a man of influence as well as of zeal, for in opposing the heresy which denied that Christ had Divine and human nature, he appeared before the Emperors Anastasius and Justinian. The solitary and the mystic are the most practical of men, for they seem to know the simple and sure way to do a thing, and they act promptly.

The principal monastery of St. Sabbas was not far from Bethlehem, where Christ was born. The eastern monks favored that neighborhood, believing that the place where Christ dwelt was sanctified, and they have never been without successors.

St. Sabbas lived to be over ninety-three. The four days preceding his death he spent in silence with God. On the fifth of December he received Our Lord in Holy Communion. In the evening of the same day, in the year 532, he departed this life.

Out of love for the Master and a desire to imitate Him as closely as possible, religious take up the cross of a life poor, chaste and obedient. Instead of riches our Divine Savior chose poverty, instead of joy he chose suffering

instead of honor he chose humiliations. As the world hated Christ, it has always hated those who profess to imitate Him. On the contrary all those who have the cause of Christ at heart esteem the religious life, and although not called to the life of vows, are always ready to assist and encourage those who are given the grace to follow more closely the footsteps of the Master.

## The Warfare of Centuries Against Catholic Truth

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

Some of our people believe that the course of the Church through the ages has been on the whole placid and undisturbed. They know perhaps of only the outstanding periods of opposition. They have heard of the early Christian martyrs, they know that the so-called Reformation was a time of bitter hostility against the old Faith, and now they hear of the attacks of modern infidelity upon the Rock of Truth.

But the fact is that the Church has ever been on the defensive. She never experienced long periods of peace and calm. Always there were enemies to be encountered, false teachings to be answered, heresies to be laid low. Truth and falsehood know no trace. But the Church stands for the truth, and falsehood ever rears its slimy head.

The early years of the Catholic Church were marked by bitter, sometimes savage attacks, by Grecian and pagan sophists. Celsus, a Platonist philosopher of the second century A. D., wrote a book against Christianity called the "True Discourse." It took all the acumen and reasoning force of Origen to answer this foe of the Church of Christ. This Celsus is the forerunner of a long line of opponents of Catholic truth.

The fact that the Church of Christ has always been compelled to "present her credentials" and that she has invariably issued victoriously from the fray is, of course, one of her resplendent traits in her stormy progress through the ages. Any other institution, not founded on the adamant pillar of eternal Truth would long ago have been entirely changed, if not absolutely swept away. But the Church survives every heresy, every attack, no matter how cunning, every assault even when led by wolves in sheep's clothing.

In "Orthodoxy" Mr. Chesterton, who has lately entered the Church, shows that it is easy, very easy, to swerve from truth and to take a position on the side of error. The

difficult thing is to hold fast to the truth. There are any number of angles at which one may fall. There is only one in which a person may retain constant equilibrium. But the Church retained this one definite stand through the ages.

She was not thrown out of gear by Gnosticism and Pelagianism in the early centuries, she was not upset by the false teachings of Luther and Calvin in the 16th Century, she quietly buried Modernism in the 19th. And Truth went marching on.

An inspiring spectacle this—the combat of the Mother Church against the hosts of error, and her ever-renewed victories against many-faced falsehood and heresy. All the arsenals of history, philosophy and science have been ransacked for weapons against the Church of all Truth. But the search was always in vain. Frequently those most zealous in the quest have been led willing captives to the feet of Christ. Witness the many illustrious converts—scientists, historians, artists and scholars — during the last half century—a veritable "cloud of witnesses" for the Church, the pillar and ground of truth.

The arguments launched against her are now feeble and worn. The same trite accusations, the same hoary calumnies, the same unfounded insinuations, the same stale trickery.

The early Christian apologists, Minucius Felix, Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Origen, etc., were familiar with the "stock objections" against revealed religion, i. e., against Christianity. They were told that all religions are really good, that Christianity is not the oldest religion, that there were "saints" who believed other creeds, that there is much similarity between Christianity and other forms of belief, that the Church of Christ was a congregation of the ignorant, etc. These, and many other now hackneyed objections, were often answered by the Fathers of the early Church.

And in the course of time the contest did not subside, but, as we have seen, it waxed strong and assumed new aspects. Now it is pseudo-science, false systems of education, secret societies and, a venal, but powerful press that are arrayed against her. But these four agencies of iniquity and of darkness will not enjoy victory against the Church, the City on the hills.

Centuries will come and go, dynasties will rise and decay, new political institutions will appear and sink into oblivion, but the age-old contest between Christ and the world, between truth and error will go on. In the end we, that is, the members of the Church Militant, shall win. For "Truth is mighty and will prevail."



## Women as Dictators

FLORENCE GILMORE

IN its September issue the *Ladies' Home Journal* published an article entitled "Women as Dictators," written by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, president of the National Woman's Party, which is of importance because it defined the principles and announced the general policies of the Party, and did so through a medium that reaches almost countless readers. The Woman's Party is a power to be reckoned with. Already large, its membership is increasing so rapidly that "the day is not far distant when it will be strong enough to impose any measure it may choose." This, its boast, is not an idle one, for it is actually beginning to dictate in many quarters and everywhere receives a respectful hearing and in most cases is unquestioningly obeyed. For instance, it has prepared a "bill of rights" to be presented at the next session of the Ohio legislature, which demands that certain state laws, "unfavorable to women," be revoked. On October fifteenth the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* said editorially, "So far as injustice can actually be shown to exist in the laws of the state there is little doubt that the legislature will be glad to amend them." The truth is that the politicians will do as they are told. Thousands of woman voters must not be antagonized, even though there may be wisdom in laws which make the husband and father the head of the family.

The pity of it is that there is hardly a statement made by Mrs. Belmont in "Women as Dictators" to which a Catholic could subscribe. From beginning to end the principles enunciated are either dangerous in their tendency or radically false; but she is confident of her own infallibility and dogmatizes accordingly. It will be a misfortune for the country if the immense power of women's votes is to be wielded at her dictation.

In all that Mrs. Belmont says there is intense bitterness toward men. She feels that they have always misused women, always tyrannized over them, and exults that their ignominious reign is ended. Women have won freedom and power, and the day of man's domination is over. "Perhaps," she says, "there is something very glorious about being a helpmate, but if so it is time some man shared that glory"; and again, "If men had controlled things in the right way we might have had no complaint. They have not done so, and we women are full of indignation and resentment." Mrs. Belmont sees no danger in the attitude which regards men and women as rivals or even enemies rather than allies. She fails to

realize that war between them would make a not very happy world altogether miserable. Even the militant suffragettes sometimes disclaimed the reproach that they alined women against men.

Mrs. Belmont blames men for every evil that saddens and debases the world today. "The time has come," she announces, "to take this world muddle that men have created and strive to make it into an ordered, peaceful, happy, abiding place for humanity. In its present condition the world is its own worst indictment against the sole dictatorship of men." The first error here is the presumption that there is little or no good to be found in the world today. Appalling poverty there certainly is, and hunger, and greed, and unscrupulousness in high places, but also boundless kindness and generosity, heroic self-sacrifice, quiet courage, and more than a little brave cheerfulness. Nor is it true that men alone are responsible for the condition of the world in which we live. During all the centuries did the mothers and wives wield no influence? Is there no truth in the old saying, the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world? If men are unprincipled is it not fair to inquire how carefully their mothers trained them, and whether their wives' ideals are higher than their own?

Mrs. Belmont refers to her own divorce and the social ostracism which, for a time, fell to her lot because of it, and rejoices that divorce is no longer considered a disgrace, or a divorcee one to be shunned. She gloats over the shameful fact that "there is hardly an influential family in most of the states whose women have not deemed it wise to divorce their husbands." Such are the pagan principles of the woman who leads the already large party which aims to direct every woman's vote, and in consequence to impose whatever legislation it sees fit to sponsor!

When she comes to speak of religion—which she does at some length—Mrs. Belmont is unintentionally amusing. Christianity, as she sees it all about her,—“a man-dominated church”—is her peculiar abhorrence. She will have none of it, although she professes to love a Christianity of her own devising. “We are allowed to sit in the pews, but not to stand in the pulpit. The men of the church accept our support, but are not willing to share their exalted position with us.” Such is her grievance, and upon no other is she more bitter. She and her friends have determined no longer to submit to this state of things. “If man wants to make a little god of himself he will have to do it by himself and for himself. He may stand in

(Continued on page 253)



## Some Christmas Party

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

"CHRISTMAS lists all made out, Madge?" "Thank goodness, yes." Madge McKenzie sighed relievedly, "I'm so glad, too. It was *such* a chore. Are yours?"

"Indeed they're not. They never are—not till the last minute, and then I don't bother with a list. I just get whatever I can get. Mother is the only easy one—I always just send her a cheque."

"So does Bob. He says there are so many things she'll need, and she'll know better than we what she wants. I bought the prettiest silk shirts for Bob yesterday—at Hudson's, on special. Come up to my room and see them."

The voices moved away and receded upward. The youthful listener in the next room dropped her book on the floor with a decided bang and sat up very straight.

"It's a shame, that's what it is!" she vehemently declared. "It must make her feel awfully bad—and the old Christmases were lovely. Getting up in the morning and trotting down in our bare feet—Grandma's eyes all shiny as she watched us. My! but the rag carpets were cold! And emptying the stockings she always put a big, fat orange right in the toe of mine. Then the scurry to get ready for Mass—Oh, dear! Those were the Christmases. Now she doesn't have anything, not even us. Not even a carefully chosen gift—'Mother is the only easy one, we always just send her a cheque,' she mimicked her Aunt Rose resentfully, 'It isn't—it isn't right! I wish—'"

She didn't say what she wished, but fell to musing, while the December afternoon light ebbed from the room, and only the roseate glow of the hearth fire remained. Then she spoke again, softly, unaware that she was still thinking aloud.

"She'll love it—and so will the bunch. And Mother and Aunt Rose and the rest of them will get the jolt of their young lives when they find it out. Serves them right." Her bobbed curls shook with suppressed merriment.

Grandma McKenzie was usually the most devout soul in the world. Daily Mass always found her in her pew at St. Margaret's—third from the front, in the middle aisle—and not even the most hypercritical other old woman in the parish ever presumed to accuse her attention of wandering from that most beautiful service in the world, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. So it was most inconceivable that her wits should select the five o'clock Mass on the blessed Christmas morn as a fit time to go wool-gather-

ing. And yet, all mixed up with "Silent Night" and the "Adeste Fideles" was the liltingly mischievous cadence of her favorite grandchild's voice over the long-distance the morning before. Such a mysterious message it had conveyed—no wonder her mind wandered.

"Get ready for Christmas, Granny. It's coming tomorrow afternoon. Have you got a tree?"

A tree! Bless the child! A tree, where there hadn't been children to enjoy it these last ten years. But she did have one. How she blessed that foolish impulse that had caused her to send Jan the chore boy down the backwoods lot on Tuesday afternoon.

"Going to have company for Christmas, Mis' McKenzie?" he had queried, and she had flushed almost guiltily as she replied:

"I might, Jan. I just can't be sure."

And all the time she had been sure—sure they *wouldn't* come—they didn't any more—not for ten years. Rose had sent her the usual Christmas cheque the week before, "early, because of the heavy Christmas mail," and had mentioned that they were to have holiday guests, friends of Jack and Louise, and that the "children" were all "going to an old-fashioned Christmas party somewhere in the country. We hope you have a pleasant Christmas, Mother," she had concluded. "Be sure to dress warm enough when you go to Mass Christmas morning. I suppose you will insist on crawling out for five. If we weren't going to be so gay here we'd try to run out for a little while, but of course—"

She needn't have said that, thought grandma McKenzie. She knew that by heart. Rose wrote the same thing every year. So did Bob and Dan—all about the press of business, and Madge's plans, and Milly's. They always hoped she'd have a pleasant Christmas—as if Christmas for her could ever be anything but lonely, with all her dear ones gone from her. A pleasant Christmas in an empty house!

But Roberta—bless the child! How she had laughed when Grandma admitted that she had a Christmas tree.

"You'll need it," she said. "Put it in the sitting room, and have a fire in the fire-place. And, Grandma, bake some red dog-cookies." Just that and nothing more. She had hung up the receiver with no answer to all the excited questions Grandma asked and Central had come on the line impersonally and said, "Number, please!"

The bell at the altar tinkled. Grandma brought her mind back to St. Margaret's and

fixed it firmly and fervently on the Mass.

She almost ran home. Of course she had baked the red dog-cookies, as Roberta called them. The children had always loved the little animal wafers with their sprinkling of red sugar-sand—but there were the chickens to make ready for roasting, and the hearth fire to be made just right, the vegetables to prepare. She had fixed plenty of everything. If it were left over she could always give it to the McCarthys in the Hollow; there were so many of them that they never had left-overs of their own. She hummed happily as she slipped out of her "best," and into a cover-all gingham apron. She didn't know when she had felt so Christmasy. It was like the old days when the children were growing up, and the house was strung with holly and mistletoe, and there was young laughter and thrilling expectancy everywhere.

At two o'clock they came. Grandma heard the honking of auto horns, the shouting of voices.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, Grandma McKenzie!"

She stood in the doorway and gasped. She had been prepared for callers but this was a deluge. Roberta, a vivid figure in scarlet, young Tom Harrison, who hovered near her, Louise and Jack, Rose's children, Dan's boy Dick—these she knew, but there were at least a dozen others, boys and girls. They descended upon her, a riotous group, weighed down by ribbon-bedecked parcels and bulging suit cases.

Having made the descent, they speedily demonstrated the ability of the rising generation to feel at home in any environment. Bobbed-haired silken-clad assistant cooks appeared in the kitchen. Hilarious young men trimmed the chandeliers and doorways with mistletoe and strung popcorn and cranberries for the Christmas tree. The old-fashioned piano awoke and spoke from its yellowed ivories and no one appeared to notice that it needed tuning. Lusty young voices took up the refrains and irresponsible youthful feet kicked back the sedate rugs.

Grandma smiled and fluttered hither and thither like an excited little bird. In one of her fluttering pilgrimages she nearly fell over Roberta and young Harrison, who were superintending the freezing of the ice cream in the friendly shadow of the back pantry.

"Excuse me," said Grandma, embarrassed. Even her near-sighted eyes could not fail to observe that young Harrison had his arm around her grand-daughter's shoulders. But Roberta raised a sparkling unabashed face.

"Don't run away, Granny," she said, "I want to make you a present of a new grandson-to-be. Tom says he isn't going to miss spending all

his Christmases out here in the gorgeous old house—not even if he has to marry me to do it."

And that was that.

There was the dinner. The table groaned beneath its appetizing load, after the manner of Christmas tables from times immemorial. Jack carved, and made a sorrowfully delectable mess of the chickens, while everyone applauded his efforts. Everybody ate until he or she was in misery, and then filled the few remaining cranberries with "red dog-cookies."

"You just can't help eating at Grandma's," explained Roberta.

"Speak for yourself, Bob," reproved her cousin Dick. "Personally," helping himself to his second piece of pumpkin pie, "I'm not a bit hungry."

There was the tree. Presents for everybody, and so many for Grandma that she became hopelessly bewildered and had to have assistance in opening them.

Then there was a clearing away and putting to rights, with Grandma protesting that she could do it herself and everyone else protesting that she shouldn't. And at last they were gone—the whole happy crowd. Grandma turned out the light and crept slowly upstairs. In her heart glowed a little torch of happiness; Christmas, which had promised to be so lonely, had been so joyful. She smiled as she thought of Roberta's parting whisper,

"We're coming every year, Grandma — my Tom and I—and you'll always have to bake red dog-cookies for your great-grand children."

Bless the child! Scarcely more than yesterday since Bob was a baby and here was his girl ready for marriage. How fast children grew!

She said prayers by her bedside and took her Rosary to bed with her. Somewhere in the second decade she went to sleep, like a tired child, but the Recording Angel never marked those slighted three decades in his book. He knew that Grandma McKenzie was getting old—and she had had a full day.

\* \* \* \*

"Would you mind telling me, Bob, just what Mother is talking about in this letter?"

Rose Graham dropped their mother's letter on her brother's desk and settled back in the nearest mahogany office chair to watch him while he read it. The puzzled expression on his face as he finished indicated clearly that he did not understand it either.

"Dear children:" the letter ran, in its faint, carefully-formed chirography, "I want to thank you for your share in the loveliest Christmas I have had in many years. The prayer book you sent me, Rose, is just fine. I wonder how

you guessed that my old one was so shabby? The shawl from Bob is so warm and comfortable these chill winter evenings, and the slippers from Dan are just what I wanted and quite the prettiest ones I ever had. It is so nice to think that he picked them out himself. Madge, my dear, how I do appreciate the little silver brooch! I can see you finding it in the store and saying: "There, that's just the thing for Mother McKenzie." The linen handkerchiefs from Roy and the fichu from Milly are almost too fine to use. I expect I have taken them from their box a hundred times or more just to look at and admire them. Thank you so much, my dear children. Thank you, too, for the cheques which I received as usual. I appreciate them, but I appreciate the little personal gifts so much more. I love to think of you all shopping and choosing things for me—to think that my big Bob, who is a banker, and my fine Rose who is a merchant's wife, and my Dan who is a State Senator, are still kind-hearted and humble enough to hunt out pleasing little gifts for a simple old woman down here in the country, an old woman who is so proud that she is their mother.

"Of course I thanked the children—Louise, Jack, Roberta, Dick, and their friends, personally. My what a fine lot of young people they are! You needn't worry about the new generation of young folks, Rose. They are just as wholesome and fine as you children were in your time, though perhaps not so reserved; and as for their appetites—well, they can't be beat. Roberta and that nice young man of hers have promised to come back every Christmas, so I guess I shall never need to worry about another lonely Christmas. I've kind of dreaded Christmas these last years. It's so lonesome with you all gone—but you made up for all the loneliness this year."

"Do you suppose that Mother is getting a little—queer, Rose?"

"No, indeed," tartly, "I just think that some one else is very smart. Bob, where did Roberta spend Christmas?"

"Why, at a party—an old-fashioned Christmas party in the country."

"Umph-humph. So did Jack and Louise, and Dick. But do you know whereabouts in the country?"

"No. Roberta said at the home of the grandmother of one of the girls."

"That's what Jack said. Do you suppose—?"

"What ho! Am I interrupting a private confab? The office boy said you were busy, Dad, and I told him thanks, so was I, and came right on in. If it's serious, I'll withdraw." Roberta's bright face peeped around the corner of the doorway.

Her father smiled at her quizzically.

"Robbie, where did you spend Christmas afternoon and evening?" Roberta grinned impishly as her quick eyes spied the letter on the desk.

"Dad dear," she said, with an absurd imitation of his own manner, "I told you before. At the home of the grandmother of one of the girls."

"Ah yes. And was the girl, by any chance, named Roberta McKenzie?"

"She was, oh Wise and Reverend Sire. Daddy, that was *some* Christmas party," she sighed ecstatically, and her eyes grew dreamily retrospective.

"Well—" her Aunt Rose recovered her self-possession and looked accusing, "Perhaps you can enlighten us further. Who selected a prayer book in my name for Mother?"

"Louise," said Robbie, coolly, "We thought it was about time Grandma had something for Christmas besides cheques. I heard you and mama talking and you said that was all you ever sent her. So Louise and Jack and Dickie and I picked out the duckiest things we could find for her—just little things. It was the most fun writing the cards, and it didn't seem so much like fibbing because Louise and Jack bought yours and Uncle Roy's and Dick bought Uncle Dan's and Aunt Milly's, and I bought Mother's and Dad's. And if you'd ever seen how she *loved* them—she positively crooned over them. It made us feel weepy to see her, and she had the *best* time at the party—Run along Tommy, I'm coming," as her fiance called impatiently from the outer office.

A swift kiss on her father's forehead and another on her Aunt's cheek, and she was gone as unceremoniously as she had arrived.

Alone, the brother and sister looked at one another sheepishly.

"Put something over on us, didn't they, Posey? These youngsters of ours—they can still teach us useful lessons. How about it? Shall we give Mother another party next year?"

"Yes indeed, Bob." Rose wiped her pretty eyes on her filmy handkerchief and choked back a sob. "And every year, with personal gifts. We'll send our cheques on the Fourth of July."

They clasped hands earnestly. He took his hat from its peg.

"Let's go over and see Dan," he said.

Thirty miles distant, in the little village of Strawberry Ridge, Grandma McKenzie was carefully restoring her Christmas gifts to the drawer from which she had just taken them for their daily inspection. She stroked a pair of slippers lovingly.

"Seems like you're too pretty to wear," she



said, "My, but I love you! Such dear children! That was *some* Christmas party."

Unconsciously Grandma, who abhorred slang, had lapsed into the twentieth century vernacular of her grand-children.

## Christmas Gold

JAMES J. DEEHAN

MARY Kathaleen O'Brien smiled on the world as she tripped down Fourteenth Street. She held her hand very high and the chain of her shiny red bag very tight. Mary Kathaleen minded not when the world forgot to smile back for the world was attending strictly to its own business, that business being shopping. It was Christmas Eve and the shoving, tired crowd were too busy filling Santa's big bag with toys, silk stockings, gold pencils, and postal cards to pay any attention to the little Irish stenographer as she hurried home to Aunt Fanny Whelan.

Mr. Isaac Cohen, of the clothing firm of Loeb and Cohen, had but a half hour ago wished his secretary the compliments of the season and had told her that the office would be closed until the day after Christmas. Then with a great show he had bestowed a little envelope inside of which were two small but weighty disks. When, in the first moment of privacy, Mary Kathaleen had made a hole in one corner of that envelope, her eager blue eyes had discovered two gold pieces of quarter eagle denomination.

Little wonder the shiny red bag was now held so tightly! Didn't it contain proof that she had given satisfaction and that Aunt Fanny had been justified in sending her niece to a business school after the good woman had paid Mary Kathaleen's passage from the old country?

Oh, but Mary Kathaleen would be proud to show those two gold pieces to a certain young man! The thought added a new twinkle to the smiling eyes and it made the rubber heels speed over the pavement all the faster. Probably Bob Collins would be waiting for her just outside Wendell's Seed Store.

Before Aunt Whelan had tendered her good offices as a second mother to her orphan niece, Mary Kathaleen had known both want and the cold breath of winter. Now at sight of evident suffering, the colleen's smile capitulated to a look of pity. At the corner of Market and Fourteenth a beggar, supported by a pair of crutches, caused the smile's surrender and made the shiny red bag feel very heavy. Mary Kathaleen resolved to give a few pennies to the beggar.

Alas, the young lady's glance into her purse was altogether too hurried and her gloved fingers did not discriminate between copper and gold. The little peephole in the Christmas envelope had been just large enough to allow the two gold pieces to slip out and mingle with the coppers. Before the giver realized it, the gold pieces, together with some small change, reposed in the beggar's bowl. Mary Kathaleen did not attempt to take back the gold of her donation.

"Tis Christmas, I'll give it with my whole heart," she told herself. Then she spoke to the old man. "There's gold forby pennies in what I gave you, gran'pa. Merry Christmas!" And she gave the beggar another gift in the form of a rosy smile.

"Thank ye, miss," said the toothless ancient, touching his fingers to the brim of his hat. As long as the jaunty blue turban was visible in the sea of home-goers, the beggar gazed after it.

Mary Kathaleen was all unaware of the eyes that followed her. Her own eyes were a trifle misty because of that sudden generous impulse. It had been her first gold and now she wouldn't be able to show it to Bob. The shiny red bag felt strangely light and useless now that the gold was gone.

Mary Kathaleen stamped her foot. "You're getting as bad as the rest of them in this country—always thinking of the dollar! It's Christmas time and a body has a right to give some alms. As if I with my health and strength would begrudge a trifle of five dollars to a poor, helpless, old man!"

Having thus chastised herself, the giver of alms straightened up her five foot four inches and, with face a severe frown, would have passed Wendell's Seed Store had not an arm detained her.

"Your ladyship must be in very bad humor," said Bob Collins, linking his arm with hers. "Tell me all about it, Molly."

"I'm fairly boiling at my own selfishness," confessed Mary Kathaleen. Then she began at the beginning and told him all about it. When Bob argued that such generosity to a professional beggar was uncalled for, the colleen on his arm became indignant. She said something about hoping never to see his face again but, strangely enough, did not attempt to free her arm.

Bob Collins loved the lass for these little inconsistencies. She was different from any girl he had ever known. In the spring he would be promoted to assistant manager at the nurseries owned by the seed firm. Then he hoped Mary Kathaleen would go with him to see the little



cottage that was rent free to the assistant manager. So he kept his face very solemn and penitent as she berated him for suggesting that her charity was unjustified. "I'll have you know, Mister Robert Collins," she ended her tirade, "that nothing but good can come from alms that's given with a good heart!"

"Those are true words for you, Molly," vowed Bob. "I've acted on them, gave my Christmas gold towards a worthy cause."

"Oh Bob," exclaimed the colleen, "how much of a present did they give you at the store and what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm not telling," smiled Bob, "at least not until this evening. You know you've promised to go with me to hear the great organ at the Big Store. Here we are at Aunt Fanny's. By-by, Molly mine."

But Mary Kathaleen was not ready to say good-by. She was more than curious to know the amount of Bob's present from the store. She tried her best to find out but Bob only teased and finally exasperated the colleen so much that she flung in the door and slammed the portal.

Bob Collins, knowing her well, grinned all over his face as he hurried down the street. He paused in an alleyway long enough to see Mary Kathaleen come out of the door and look anxiously up and down as though she wished to call him back and apologize were he still in sight. When she returned indoors, Bob came out of hiding and hurried home.

Mary Kathaleen knew Bob would happen along about eight o'clock to take her to hear the great organ. That is, Bob would happen along, if her display of temper hadn't routed the idea. She was truly penitent about that temper and worry over it caused her to plan to meet Bob instead of having him come to the house.

About a quarter of eight she went out in the twilight of Christmas Eve. Gleams of light from the upper stories of the houses told that mothers were putting their children to bed early so that Santa Claus might work unembarrassed by peering eyes. Too soon Mary Kathaleen's feet led her away from this section of homes. Ahead loomed a dreary stretch where were located the car barns.

So far as she could see there was not another person within the next two city blocks. But of course she couldn't be expected to see around corners nor behind pillars. Thus the two shadowy forms that lurked behind a pillar of the car barn escaped her. Likewise the person about to turn the corner from Fourteenth Street was unnoticed; so Mary Kathaleen, regretting the absence of escort, took one fearful look around her and ran—then she stopped.

Around the corner from Fourteenth Street came a man. As he strolled into view, the shadows behind the pillars cleared and they slid across the pavement. The echo of a sharp command was borne back to wide-eyed Mary Kathaleen. Then she saw the man's hands shoot skyward.

Mary Kathaleen knew the victim of the hold-up men. Nor was that strange, for it was Bob Collins. Before the scream, that was welling up in Mary Kathaleen, could disturb the lonely street the bandits capitulated before the advance of a child. A youngster of lusty voice was approaching from Fourteenth street. He was in holiday mood and from time to time uttered a shrill whistle.

The whistle alarmed the hold-up men. They feared it heralded an officer of the law, or perhaps several officers. The bad men decided they had better be going so they drew themselves up on the pillar, then scrambled across roofs and were lost from view. It was a clever get-away but not one burdened with loot.

"Huh, mister, lost yer hat didn't ye," the whistler greeted Bob.

"Not lost, merely mislaid," corrected Bob, stooping down for the fallen hat. "Bud, you're a fine whistler. Never was so glad to hear a fellow whistling."

"Quit yer kiddin'," advised Bud hunching his shoulders and burying his hands deeper in his pockets. "Look at this, would ye!"

Bob didn't have time to look. A young lady flung herself into his arms. Her heart was going pitapat so rapidly that it was several minutes before Bob's assurance that he was neither hurt nor robbed calmed that excited organ. The urchin was an interested spectator.

"Your girl, ain't she?"

"Right the first time, Bud! Here's something. Your whistling saved me a big loss." Bob offered a dollar to the little fellow.

"Huh, I'm worth o' robbing tonight! Look, mister. I was hurrying home with these when I bumped into you!" Out came a frayed mitten and in its palm reposed two gold pieces of quarter eagle denomination. "Old Kersky, the beggarman at Fourteenth and Market, gave me these for mom. He owns all the houses in our street — makes lots o' coin begging. Good business, I'll say! I'm glad to get this money — got a big family to support — five kids and m' father dead!"

Doubtless Mary Kathaleen would have thereupon given the urchin her week's wages had the shiny red bag been at hand. As it was the boy got a hug and was told that Santa Claus would be sure to call at his door on the morrow. That

(Continued on page 253)

# The Nuns of St. Mary's

S. M. R., O. S. B.

## Part I. Monasticism at Home

(Continued)

### A NEW POSTULANT

THERE was news in the community room that day: "A new 'possie' at the Guest House." "Who, who, WHO?" That it was a recreation day was very evident from the buzz and hum even at ten o'clock in the morning. "A Miss Joy," began Sr. Emmanuel in the deep ponderous tone she is wont to put on when she is aware she will have an attentive audience, "And what a pity her parents did not think of having her christened Perfect, for then she would be Perfect Joy." Sr. Lucy took it up: "Like the pair who had their baby called Shady because their name was Bower and they thought Shady Bower sounded so nice." Someone else thought it rather much that Enid Rose's little sister was named June, that she might be called "June Rose"; but here Sr. Lucy was up in arms: June was a very old English name and her clergyman brother was very angry with her once when she made fun of it, and her little niece was called June. These were certainly digressions from the subject of Miss Joy, but part of the fun of a recreation is to be able to digress and take plenty of time to do it.

"Shall I tell you all I know about Miss Joy?" this from Sister Emmanuel. No one said anything, but silence gives consent and she proceeded: "Well, she is a ward of the MacIntyre of Macintosh and therefore, it goes without saying, that she has a large fortune," quoting from the holy abbot who had recommended her.

"I don't see how that 'goes without saying' objected Sr. Mary of the Angels, whereupon Sr. Rosalie took it on herself to explain, knowing nothing at all about it and interiorly revelling in that fact: to argue about what you know may be stale enough, but to discourse on what you don't know cannot possibly be so.

It was a jolly morning and the needle work in some hands was meanwhile getting on: "I can always talk better when I'm working," said one. A walk round the park was proposed and it was *ad lib*. Sr. Rosalie found herself with the guest-mistress: "Would you like to go see Miss Joy this afternoon?" Here was an opportunity; Sr. Rosalie did not welcome it; she shrank from the idea of prospective postulants: "I would and I wouldn't," was her illogical answer. "Well, please yourself," that was exactly what she meant to do, but exactly *how* was her problem. If the postulant had "come to

stay," like Charlie's Aunt, the sooner she made her acquaintance the better, and if she went on to clothing and profession, she would have to live with her always. "What time shall I go?"

"At five o'clock with Sr. Aemiliana."

"Very well then, and she can do all the talking." Sister Aemiliana was a great overshadowing figure, full of kindness and mirth.

"Very well, five o'clock, I'll count on you two."

Family life in this community was too real and the family spirit too strong to welcome additions—at least for the younger and irresponsible members to desire them. It was somewhat like the arrival of "a little stranger" in the already large family. These occasions used to remind Sr. Rosalie of her own home on the day that the eighth addition, "number eight," his mother called him, was expected to arrive. Early in the day the seven other children were packed into the pony trap and sent to the home farm with directions not to return until evening. Just after noon a terrific storm of thunder and lightning came on, but the children were booked out for the day, so they just had to take shelter and eat the lunch provided for them by the bailiff's wife. On coming home at nightfall tired and cross, it was no comfort to be told that a dear little baby brother had arrived. The eldest girl, who considered herself of some importance, voiced the general feeling when she encountered the nurse in the kitchen: "I can't think what Mother wants more babies for, Mrs. Adderly, surely there are enough children already in the house." And so for some little time there was a distinct feeling that the new baby was not wanted. In community life everyone is new once; but the feeling of being an outsider soon wears off, the last comer fits into her groove when a few of her corners have been rounded and she has been flattened out a bit, if too bumptious, and in time comes to almost resent the intrusion of another new postulant.

### FRIDAY ORAISON

Sr. Clare had gone out of doors to make her afternoon meditation, "oraison," in the monastic phrase. She would say her five decades walking up and down under the cool Acacia trees, today she was feeling dull and listless and was glad it was the day for the glorious mysteries, for, she remembered distinctly, she had said the sorrowful, yesterday. Sorrowful mysteries generally go with Friday, but Sr. Clare had her own views on these matters. She and Sr.

Angela were wont to agree: they had their brightest picture out to mark their books for Tenebrae in holy week; this somewhat astonished Sr. M. de Sales, who liked to do things *en grand*, but they kept to their point saying that if they let themselves go too low in holy week they would never rise again, at least not in time for Easter Sunday, and Sr. Angela asked what was the good of going about with a long face and a wet-blanket-sort-of-manner when all the bells were ringing and "Happy Easters" flying, and the dear lay sisters all in a bustle "get a good breakfast for the community" on this day of the Lord's Resurrection, a day on which even St. Benedict in his cave was sent a good breakfast by the Lord Himself.

The five decades ended—with a certain amount of distractions—Sister Clare took a walk round. There to the west was the wood, the great trees standing erect and motionless seemed to be doing quiet service for their Maker: even St. Bernard confessed he had learned more from the woods and trees than from the best masters. There was something restful about those trees, they had a mighty power and weight, but it was a power in abeyance, they could groan and creak, lashed to fury in the storm, and might fall with destructiveness, but now they were immobile, waiting. Sister Clare began her meditation proper; under her arm tucked away she had a "Westminster version" of Saint Mark's gospel; the brown paper cover was nearly in tatters from overmuch use. A little card of mortuary marked her place, the end of Chapter VIII: "First prediction of Passion and Resurrection." Our Lord began to speak "quite openly of his Passion. Footnote, openly, i. e., without reserve. And Peter began to rebuke him. But he rebuked Peter." The repetition of the word seemed to show that he turned on Peter; "Get behind me Satan." It seemed hard on poor Peter, but again there was a footnote: "In principle Peter was renewing Satan's temptation and so shared his rebuke. Peter's view of the cross was not God's view; he saw neither the power nor the wisdom thereof. Cf. 1 Cor. 1:22-25."

"The power and the wisdom of the cross": she sat down to think. "After about 2,000 years of Christianity as a world principle surely everyone ought to have learned its power and wisdom, although they might have been unknown to Peter. 'In cruce est salus, vita, et resurrectio nostra' our resurrection even, in the cross." She began to count up its blessings and they seemed endless, after all Saint Paul was right: power and wisdom were there. Time to go and pray now; everyone would have left the church by this, oraison ended at a quarter to five.

The children's benches were empty and they were nearest the altar. Kneeling straight in front of the little golden door, Sister Clare forgot she had had a headache, the atmosphere of peace was so strong, our Lord so welcoming. She thought and prayed about the cross; it did not seem likely to come her way just now, she felt so peaceful, but when it did come she would be at least valiant: first, she would make an act of acceptance of the trouble whatever it was, little or great; second, she would look at it straight in the face, dispassionately; then.... Well, altogether four psychological stages would be passed through in order.

She remembered a talk she had with Mère Céline, Reverend Mother of the Belgian sisters who had stayed at the Priory during the war. Mère Céline had showed her that it takes two pieces of wood pointing opposite ways to make a cross. The beams are our will and God's, when they go in different directions there is the cross; let them point the same way they lie parallel and there is no cross.

There was not much time left and night refectory rang; after supper, recreation: needle work in the community room and a walk round the grounds until seven. It wanted just five minutes to seven and groups were standing about on the asphalt near the house; Sister Clare passed half a dozen sisters in a group talking earnestly. They kept silence when she came along. It was disconcerting, she knew they were talking about her and she could guess pretty accurately what they were saying. She was up in arms at once, it would be a relief to her feelings to say something, but no one had made any direct charge. She was tired and all her peace was just gone at once; *anything* said to her face she would not have minded. Compline rang, THANK GOD, and all assembled around the Prioress for the blessing on the close of the day and then went to the church. As Sr. Clare knelt in her stall in the dark after the office her "four ways" came back to her and she nearly laughed outright; what on earth use had they been when the rub came? And yet, yet, that oraison had saved her: she had been disturbed and ruffled but had not said or done anything she might really have regretted, and she had already begun to experience a little, be it ever so little, of "the power and wisdom of the cross." Tomorrow would be a new day with new interest and she would be a new person. Was it dear old Newman, with his sensitive soul, who said —

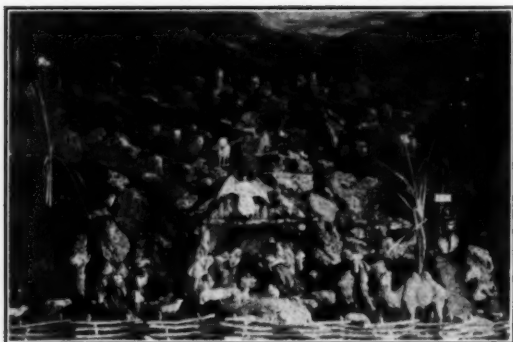
"Prune thou thy words, thy thoughts control  
Which round thee press and throng,  
They will condense within thy soul  
And change to purpose strong."

(To be continued)



## Our Christmas Day

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.



CHRISTMAS CRIB IN THE CLERICS' STUDY HALL

**I** HOPE I may be pardoned for beginning this humble account by a bit of philosophizing, but is it not true that, on looking back over our past life and in selecting the sweetest pages from our book of memories, we find these always to be pages recording days when kindness, self-sacrifice, and love were about us? What is this but saying that then, in our own persons or in others, God was very close about us, for God is Charity, the charity that begets peace, joy, and all the other wondrous goods we are told of by St. Paul.

This, to my mind, is the sum and substance of what makes Christmas the day of days for everyone. On the day when the Lord God left His throne of glory and was born on earth a helpless babe, all to show His infinite love for us, and to spread the glow of that charity in the hearts of men, on Christmas day there radiates from that lowly crib such warmth of love throughout the world, that small wonder it is to see even hearts of stony selfishness grow soft and charity run rampant in our midst.

One thing more I wish to say. It is that Christmas is of necessity a home feast. Its spirit is so bound up with that Divine Motherhood and with the Holy Family, that we know we cannot find the proper joy in it but that we be with our own. Hence it is that on the days preceding we see such a scrambling rush of mankind to take themselves home, such merry meetings and salutations as does one good to think upon. And as each home and family live their own lives, treasuring always their own goodly secrets that pass not to the outside world, so is each family's manner of Christmas celebration of its own and individual. So while I would tell you of our Christmas day in

this family of our own adoption, there is that about it which of necessity is individual and proper to the family, not to be put in words, and if told, could be but little understood.

Having thus premised, let us then be on to the recording of our Christmas day at St. Meinrad.

On the 22nd of December or thereabouts the boys have betaken themselves gleefully to their several homes to keep holiday with "the folks," leaving some dozen here who live at too great a distance for such a short stay. With school duties suspended, the energies of all are bent on preparation for the coming feast. Sounds of much activity and bustle of work reach us from the third floor, where part of the "Fraters" (the clerics of the community) are erecting the beautiful Christmas crib in their study hall. In the church a great curtain is stretched from the north wall to a pillar near the altar of the Sacred Heart, and behind this curtain another crib of artistic design is being assembled by another detachment of the "Fraters." From the kitchen various savory odors maliciously waft themselves aloft, and all inwardly aver that they ill accord with Advent abstinence and vigil fast now on us. Friends and loved ones from whom we now are separated, are not forgotten, and as time permits, we write them the time-worn, yet ever new and welcome greetings and good wishes.

And in this time of preparation, what shall I say of the sweet voice of holy liturgy, wherein we speak and sing with the prophets of old that yearning for the Lord of salvation who is to come soon, and coming anew will bring us the same good gifts He brought the world of old. As the days of expectation draw to a close, those rapturous antiphons at Vespers, "O Wisdom, O Adonai, O Root of Jesse, O Emmanuel, etc., delay not, come and save us!" rise from heart and lips and fill full the measure of our desire.

Christmas eve, with all the hurried labor of final preparation, is spent in recollection as is fitting. In the evening all assemble to hear the Christmas greeting and message from our father in God, the Rt. Rev. Abbot, and to receive from him the privilege of general absolution. With Compline, night prayers, and examination of conscience ended, all retire, for this night sleep is short. The Lord is nigh.

How shall I describe my first awakening at St. Meinrad on Christmas morn! When through the deep stillness of that silent night



there broke, first vaguely, then as I lay fully awake, more clearly on my ears, the sweetest melody I had ever heard. It is the Angels' song to the shepherds on the plains, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis," rousing us now in enchanting harmony and announcing that Christ is born, come hasten to adore Him. Anon it comes again, farther distant, yet all the sweeter in its echo. Farther and farther still it sounds as must have been the Angels' song whilst they faded from the shepherds' gaze. What a depth of joy comes to us in that awakening. Throughout the day and for days after, that melody is ever with me, and I know that for all the years to come, no matter where I be, it will never leave me quite, but stay with me with other voices from the past to bring back glad memories and holy aspirations. True, however sweet their singing, the "Angels" are but a quartette of my confrères singing on each landing. Quite human, too, as was proved the time some two or three alarm clocks played them false, and we must needs be roused by a prosaic, earthly rapping at the door. Yet, human though it be, the hour, our mood, and the spirit that inspires this song, do without doubt give it an impress none other than heavenly.

The realism of this song is further heightened by the fact that it is sung not far past the hour of midnight, about 1:30. By two o'clock all have assembled in choir for Matins. How the inspired words of holy Church's Office fit the mood of this sacred feast. The realization of those poetic prophecies in the psalms come home to us anew; Isaias in his inimitable figures pictures that Child and His everlasting Kingdom, and fires us with joy at the thought that all this is now accomplished; the sweet Gospel story of that first Christmas night, so familiar, yet ever fresh, is told us by the Evangelists; after which the magnificent "Te Deum," sung now with new significance and fervor, concludes this part of the Office.

In the meantime the church has filled with faithful, old and young, and now in the silence following our "Te Deum," there comes from the rear gallery the children's welcome to the newborn Christ-Child. "Holy night, silent night." Oh well do we hearken rapt and silent at this melody, for this is their day, the day of innocence, to cluster first about the crib and sing praise and love to Him who, though God, is yet a child to win our hearts by His infant loveliness.

The first Solemn Mass then follows, sung by Father Prior. The first words of the Mass "A child is born to us, a Son is given us," call to our minds both the birth of Christ at Bethlehem, and that other birth soon to be accom-

plished on our altar in the consecration. To enhance the solemnity, a select chorus sings the "Et incarnatus est," an Offertory, and again after elevation. This Mass concluded, Lauds are sung throughout in choir, the Angelus is rung, and then the Fathers proceed to celebrate their three Masses, whilst the "Fraters" and brothers attend two said at the high altar by Father Abbot.

How the hours have slipped away in this our joyous celebration. It is now six o'clock and we take ourselves to breakfast. Of course, you must not think us so divested of human qualities as not to show appreciation in a practical way to the fresh sausages, honey, butter, rolls, and coffee that are set before us. And if you watch, you will see that not even the oldest of us fails to pocket the generous sacks of candy and nuts placed beside each plate. Christmas is Christmas here as everywhere, and it is the grateful childlike spirit that knows its joy in soul and body.

Seven-thirty finds us again in choir to sing the Office of Prime and attend another Solemn Mass celebrated by Father Subprior. It is during this Mass that all sing the old familiar "Adeste fideles." What would Christmas be without it? "Adeste fideles" and its memories trace again the path back, back to the years when childhood was ours and true childish Christmas joy. Mother, father, brothers, sisters, Santa Claus, glow of fireplace, Christmas tree, crunching snow as we went to Mass, wondrous delight at the simple crib, sorrow that night must come again. But now 'tis all past, and happy we who in spirit of Christmas can be children again for once in the year.

At nine o'clock the celebration is crowned by the liturgical splendor and magnificence of Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Abbot. During this Mass a sermon is preached and special music rendered. What a pity it is that our people know so little of the song of the Church, Gregorian chant. Inspired by the same wisdom and devotion that formed our liturgy, it is ever at one with it, and by its sublime adaptation to the sacred words, must take preeminence at all times when church music is in question.

And now is this the end of our Christmas celebration? Does your celebration end at holy Mass? Indeed, that is the chief part of our Christmas, but let us not omit mention of the glad family gathering at dinner, where in the joy of the Lord we sit together and partake with thanksgiving and good fellowship, of the feast prepared for us. We are not such puritans, as some may think, to look askance at the gifts of God, that He has meant for our moderate enjoyment. Far be it from me to show

lack of appreciation for the efforts of our good kitchen brothers who have labored much to make our Christmas glad some. Throughout the day, too, those rounds of fraternal Christmas salutation and good greetings, the happy receiving of messages and boxes from friends and loved ones at home, the praise and admiration of the beautiful cribs, the dense blue smoke of Christmas havanas in recreation time—yes, it is Christmas here as everywhere, and as we close the day with solemn Vespers in the afternoon and sing Compline at the night Office at seven, there is none who can say that aught has been wanting to make it as joyous a day in the Lord as one could well wish.

### The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

#### The Missions

Once again Holy Mother Church bids us turn aside from our ordinary occupations to contemplate an event which took place nearly twice a thousand years ago in far away Bethlehem. She bids us prepare to receive a wonderful guest, a tiny babe that long ago came upon this earth. He came unto His own but His own received Him not, and now He hungers and thirsts to come among His own again, but how many of them will receive Him this time?

"My delight," He said, "is to be among the children of men." Is it not, then, incumbent upon us, who glory in the fact that we are His followers, to see that the children of men make ready for Him? How can they make ready for Him unless they know the truth? And how can they know the truth unless it be preached to them? Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16:15) was not meant for some only, but for all men. All members of a body work toward a common end. So also should we, who are members of Christ, work toward the end for which Christ, our head, came upon earth: the salvation of all men. Obedience to the law of God, demanding that each of us love his neighbor as himself, requires each one of us to strive for the conversion of souls to God, otherwise we cast a reproach upon our holy religion. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that next to the preservation of the Faith in Christian countries, the principal and most sacred task of the Catholic Church is the conversion of heathens. Now all Catholics are to cooperate in this work of the conversion of the heathen. The missionary alone goes forth to foreign lands or seeks a mission field at home, but the laity are to do their share by praying God to crown his efforts with success and by contributing of their means towards his support. But prayer is not less important than financial aid.

To show what regard the Church has for prayer as a factor in the conversion of the heathen it will be sufficient to state that she has placed two contemplative orders, the Trappists and the Carmelites, in far-off

China. Greater proof of her confidence in prayer for the conversion of these people is not needed. Archbishop LeRoy, speaking of the value of prayer for the missions, says: "A Mass, a Communion, an offering to Almighty God of our day's work with its joys and sorrows, a word, a desire, a thought, in the spirit of prayer, are worth more than a generous donation." The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matth. 9:37-38.)

Though indeed secondary, the obligation of pecuniary support of the missions is in no wise to be considered unimportant. "Not in bread alone doth man live," (Matth. 4:4) but he must have bread. The need is great.

Who of us has not experienced the truth of the words "it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive"? The missionary has given up everything and is ready at any moment, like his Divine Master, to lay down life itself for his flock.

In but a few days we shall once more celebrate the advent of the Infant Jesus in a world that received Him not. Let us assure Him that we desire His own to receive Him with open arms. Let us promise Him that we will do all we can for the extension of his kingdom on earth that this end be reached, and that we will pray each day for the missions and, if possible, put aside something every month to help them. We may rest assured that God will not be outdone in charity, for whatsoever we do unto the least of His brethren we do unto Christ Himself.

### Maria Sanctissima

EMILY CAMPBELL ADAMS

Mary Mother slept and dreamed  
Of her youth so wondrous blest,  
Of the cave wherein the Babe  
Nestled warmly at her breast. ....  
Mary Mother, slept (a sad  
Olive garden blurred the sun),  
But her dream saw shepherds grave  
Worshipping the Infant One.  
Mary Mother slept, (a hill  
Stark, accursed, scarred the day,  
With the shuddering stones once trod  
On a grim and dreadful way);  
But her dream saw kneeling kine,  
While with deep adoring word,  
Low the Magi's gifts were spread  
Where Babe Jesus waked and stirred.

Mary Mother in her dream  
Twined a wreath of blossoms red  
For her Babe—but hidden thorns  
Pierced and tore His downy head.  
While she gazed, the tiny face,  
With the blood-drops trickling down,  
Changed into a Face that wore  
Crucifixion's deadly crown.

## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—In a recent glider contest the world's record was again broken. A French glider remained in the air for three hours and twenty-one minutes.

—The humble corn cob again promises to be of great value. A low-priced substitute for a wide variety of hard rubber and possible new motor fuel have been discovered in it. The motor fuel is called furfal. It has been used successfully in motor vehicles, but cannot be used with present carburetors.

—A new process for casting iron pipes makes use of centrifugal force. Molten iron is poured into a revolving drum. No molds are used. The speed of rotation carries the iron to the periphery of the drum, thus forming the desired pipe. The product is said to be twice as strong as the pipes made by the older processes.

—Our steel age has invaded even the ancient sport of tennis. Rackets are now made of steel frame and spun with a steel wire.

—A "magnetic logwasher" does not wash logs, but extracts iron from low grade ores. The crushed ore is fed into a long slanting trough, under which are placed powerful electric magnets. The non-magnetic particles are washed away by the streams of water whilst the iron, held back by the magnets, is pushed by rotating spirals into a special chute. This process has proved so successful in smaller installations that larger plants are now under construction.

—Another hope is held out for the cure of baldness in the use of ultra-violet rays. However, experts say that prevention is better than cure. The average American washes his hair too often with soaps which dissolve the natural oil needed to keep the hair in good condition. Frequent wetting of the hair before combing also removes the oil.

—The ordinary vacuum tube of a wireless receiving set can also be used for transmitting. The problem has been to make a tube able to stand the strain of larger currents and voltages for long distance transmission. A new hundred kilowatt tube has been invented of the type which Marconi calls the "greatest development of the age." This tube is expected to make wireless telephone across the ocean a commercial possibility.

—The advanced types of locomotives are approaching the weight limits of tracks and roadbeds. Hence the use of the 'booster' to help such engines take steep grades. The 'booster' is an attachment which transfers the driving power also to the wheels of the trailer truck or tender of the engine. It will increase the tractive power from 25 to 40 per cent, and when the engine reaches road speed, it is automatically disengaged.

—America's longest tunnel is soon to be constructed. A six-mile bore through the Continental Divide between Denver and Salt City is to shorten transcontinental travel, giving Denver through service. This dream of

many years has now the promise of reality since the Colorado legislature set aside seven million dollars for the completion of the project.

—Huge wash bowls made of concrete are now used for washing automobiles. After a waterproof hood has been clamped over the radiator of the car, it is driven around the inside of the bowl whose ribbed sloping bottom provides the various depths of water and the necessary vibrations to shake loose the mud and grease.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### MISCELLANEOUS

—The Holy Name Societies of five states assembled in Washington on Oct. 8 to the number of 35,000. The parade is said to have been the largest civilian demonstration ever held at the capital.

—Francis Joseph Reitz, of Evansville, Ind., who has given largely in charity, recently purchased within the city limits a ten-acre tract of land on which he will erect a \$250,000 Catholic high school that will accommodate 500 boys.

—The University of Michigan had 846 Catholic students on its register last year. There has been opened on the campus for Catholics a dormitory that provides for fifty students, and a site has been purchased on which will be erected a five-story building that will be called Richard Hall to perpetuate the name of Rev. Gabriel Richard, a founder of the University and its first vice-president and at one time a member of Congress from Michigan.

—Rev. T. L. Riggs, former professor of English at Yale University, who was ordained to the priesthood last June, has been appointed chaplain for the Catholic students at the university.

—Rev. Michael J. Henry, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary on Manhattan Island, and for twenty-six years the friend and protector of Irish immigrant girls, died on Oct. 3 at the age of 70.

—Rosary College, the new Catholic college for women, which will form part of the great Catholic university at Chicago, was formally dedicated by Archbishop Mundelein on Oct. 1. The college, which is under the care of the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis., will, when completed, accommodate 2,000 boarders but will have a capacity of 5,000. An outlay of about \$7,000,000 will be required.

—At his death, which occurred on Sept. 25, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph A. Connolly, pastor of St. Teresa's Church, St. Louis, left the bulk of his estate in trust for the maintenance of the Catholic free school of the St. Teresa parish.

—The Catholic Women's Alliance has announced that in the archdiocese of Philadelphia 115 free Catholic libraries will be established and that each parish is to be furnished with at least two social service workers.

—Seventy-five years in the service of one church is the remarkable record of Modeste Pellette, who spent

six years as altar boy and sixty-nine as bell ringer of the church at Courtisols in the diocese of Chalons, France. Mr. Pellette died recently at the age of 82.

—The faces and names of seven young men who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War will be perpetuated in a memorial window that is to be placed in the front wall of Sacred Heart Church, High Bridge, N. Y. Four of the soldier boys will appear clad in their khaki uniforms, kneeling at a wayside shrine in France, while three in naval uniform will be seen attending Mass in an encampment hut with their service chaplain, who was likewise from Sacred Heart Church. The faces will be clear and distinct. The rising sun will light the window in the morning while artificial light will show it to passers-by at night.

—The instantaneous cure of a child, ascribed to the intercession of St. Theresa, is reported from Wheeling, West Virginia. John Joseph Klug, a boy of three years, who had been afflicted with paralysis for over two years, lay at the point of death. On the evening of Oct. 17 at 6 p. m., just as the angelus was ringing on the third day of the triduum held in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the canonization of the saint, the little fellow was restored to health. The parents and the Carmelite Sisters in the near-by monastery offered up the triduum to obtain the cure.

—Holy Redeemer Church, a brick structure with stone trimmings, erected for the colored Catholics at Washington, was dedicated on Oct. 23 by Archbishop Curley.

—The Carmelite Sisters have established a house of their order at New Albany, Indiana, in the diocese of Indianapolis.

—Rev. William P. O'Connor, of Cincinnati, the first priest of Ohio to enter the army as chaplain after the declaration of war on Germany and Austria, has been elected national chaplain of the American Legion.

—The Superior General of the Sisters of Charity, Rev. Father Verdier, whose headquarters are at the mother house in Paris, is in the United States visiting the houses of the Order. Father Verdier is the eighteenth successor of St. Vincent de Paul and is the first Superior General to visit America. One of the objects of his visit is to secure Sisters for the missions in China. Three Sisters will go from the St. Louis province and three from the Maryland province. Father Verdier is accompanied by his assistant, Very Rev. Patrick McHale, formerly of Niagara University, and his interpreter, Father Kelly.

—At the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, which was held at Louisville, Ky., and which came to a close on Oct. 31, Mrs. Henry Benziger of Baltimore, an alumna of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., was chosen national president. The Federation of Catholic Alumnae, which is composed of the graduates of Catholic convents and colleges, has grown to be a very large organization and has representatives in most foreign countries.

—At the State Normal School at Huntsville, Ala., recently one of the most interesting papers was read

by Sister Johanna of St. Benedict's Academy at Elberta, in Baldwin County, on the pecan culture for which this county is noted. The Benedictine Fathers have charge of the Church at Elberta and the Benedictine Sisters have charge of the school.

—The Sisters of Charity have recently opened a new school at Long Beach, Miss., on the Gulf, for the parish belonging to St. Thomas' Church. This is known as "The Church with the Thirteen Altars," as it has that number. Long Beach is very popular in the winter with tourists from the North.

—An estimable woman, Mrs. Annie E. McClosky, herself a convert to the faith and responsible for the conversion of at least twenty-five others, died late in October in Washington at the age of 89. In their childhood days two of Mrs. McClosky's daughters attended St. Vincent's School. Each evening the mother heard their lessons. This led to the reading of books on Catholic doctrine, which resulted in her final submission to the Church. Here we have a powerful argument for the apostolate of the Catholic press and Catholic literature, the intention for which the League of the Sacred Heart prayed during the month of November.

—In their forty-seven years of married life a New Jersey couple adopted and reared twenty-two children. What an object lesson for the criminally childless who lavish their affections on poodle dogs and court notoriety in the infamous divorce mills where the sacred bonds of matrimony are torn to shreds at so much per. Philanthropy of this type is not posted on the public boards nor advertised in glaring headlines on the first page of our metropolitan dailies.

#### **EUCCHARISTIC**

—Late in the past summer a grand Eucharistic demonstration took place at Genzano, Italy, not far from Rome, where a three-day Interdiocesan Eucharistic Congress of several dioceses took place. On the first day Archbishop Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome, preached on the Eucharist in relation to the priesthood. On the following morning His Grace gave Holy Communion to throngs of little children. In the afternoon at the women's session the "Eucharist and Christian Youth" and the "Eucharist and Woman" were the topics treated. At 10 p. m. the night watch began with a packed church. After midnight there was Solemn High Mass at which Holy Communion was distributed to immense numbers. On the morning of the third day many thousands of men, women, and children received Holy Communion. During the day so dense was the crowd that had assembled from neighboring cities that a way had to be cleared through the streets for the passage of the procession which lasted from three in the afternoon till evening when Benediction was given with the troops presenting arms and the people kneeling in lowly adoration. Blasts of trumpets announced that Christ was blessing the multitudes. The "Eucharist and Youth" and the "Eucharist and Social Problems" were the topics discussed in the men's assembly. The Holy Father sent a personal letter, expressing his satisfaction and joy that the Congress was to be held, and through Cardinal Gasparri he sent a telegram renewing his



good wishes. Religion has taken a new hold on Genzano, which until recently was a center of anti-Catholicism.

—The Church of Our Lady of Victory at Washington, D. C., was destroyed by fire on the night of Oct. 24. It was impossible to remove the Blessed Sacrament before the fire was extinguished. The tabernacle was damaged by fire and water but the Sacred Host was unharmed. The firemen removed their helmets and bowed their heads reverently as the pastor bore the Blessed Sacrament from the smouldering ruins.

### Benedictine Chronicle

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

—The secular oblates of St. Benedict can, on certain feasts, receive general absolution with a plenary indulgence. By rescript from Rome in January, 1922, the Sacred Penitentiary has extended the privilege to the entire octave of these feasts.

—August the third was the occasion for much rejoicing on the part of the monks of Belfast Abbey, Devonshire, England. This ancient minster, which was restored by the French Benedictines of La Pierre-qui-Vire in 1882, was raised to an abbey in 1902. This summer its new Abbey Church was consecrated with imposing ceremonies. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, officiated. The Archbishop of Birmingham, a number of bishops, and many abbots were in attendance. The spacious church is 220 feet long. Its two towers contain a chime of fourteen bells, the gift of a Protestant friend and admirer, Sir Robert Harvey. The festivities closed with a diocesan congress, ordinations, and First Masses.

—Among the books that have been published lately in English by Benedictines the following are of interest: "Christ the Life of the Soul," by the Rt. Rev. Columba Marmion, Lord Abbot of Maredsous Abbey. The work has gone through fourteen editions in four years; another is "Liturgical Prayer—Its History and Spirit," by the Rt. Rev. Fernandus Cabrol, Abbot of Farnborough Abbey. Written in French, it has appeared in German, Spanish, and now through the efforts of the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook it has been translated into English; a third is "Medical Proof of the Miraculous," by Dr. LeBec, translated from the French by Dom F. Izard, O. S. B., L. R. C. S., M. R. C. P.; a fourth is "A New Medley of Memories," by Sir David Oswald Hunter-Blair, former Abbot of Fort Augustus, Scotland; a fifth is a concise life of St. Ildephonsus, Benedictine Archbishop of Toledo in the seventh century, by Rt. Rev. Ildephonse Cummins, titular abbot of St. Mary's, York.

—The Abbey Press of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., has printed in English a Benedictine Martyrology, by the Rev. Alexis Hoffman, O. S. B., archivist of St. John's Abbey.

—Last month the Abbey of Maredsous, in the diocese of Namur, Belgium, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. The celebrities present include His

Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Bishop Nicotra, the Apostolic Nuncio, and Bishop Heylen, the ordinary of Namur. Maredsous has 160 monks of whom 72 are priests.

—Dr. A. de Santi, S. J., director emeritus of the Schola Cantorum, founded by Pius X of happy memory, has been succeeded in the directorship of the Schola by the Rt. Rev. Paul Ferretti, erstwhile Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Parma, Italy. Abbot Ferretti is a master scholar and the restoration of the Gregorian music owes much to him, for he was the discoverer and decipherer of old manuscripts of the sacred chant in Italy, especially at Nonantola.

—The Abbey of St. Martin of Ligugé, the most ancient monastery in Gaul, founded by St. Martin himself in 360, from which the monks have at various times in its long history been expelled, is inhabited again by monks. After the most recent expulsion in 1880 the monks sought refuge first in Spain, then in France, and finally at Chevetogne in Belgium, now they are permitted to return. These monks edit the learned Benedictine review "Revue Mabillon."

—The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Congregation of the Pristine Observance was held at Subiaco, Italy. In the presence of a great number of prelates, the Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Abbot General Dom Gariador, at the Sacro Speco.

—The Abbey of Pradines, France, last month celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its canonical erection. It recalls to us that Pradines was the first abbey of Benedictine Nuns to be restored in France after the Revolution. The abbey is situated near Roanne in one of the small valleys of the Rhine, Bishop Bourchany of Lyons celebrated Pontifical High Mass and gave the apostolic benediction which was granted in honor of the centenary.

### Greeting

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

At this Natal Time  
I am sending  
Just a tender thought:  
Never let a day  
Go by without its music  
And its joy;  
Its spoken word of praise;  
Its labor for another's sake;  
Its silence under hurt;  
Its ceaseless help  
Poured from your soul;  
Its vision  
Of the Life to be,  
Where interrupted tasks  
Will have completeness,  
With the One Whose Birth  
'Mid wondering kine,  
Makes all the world  
Sing gladness  
To the Lord.



AGNES BROWN HERING

**D**EAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The remembrance of Thanksgiving Day with turkey and cranberries and apples and grandma's pumpkin pie has hardly passed and now you are looking eagerly for Christmas, waiting impatiently perhaps for Santa Claus to come and wondering what all he is going to bring you. Possibly you have already sent him a message telling him just what you want him to bring you. But isn't it sad to think that there are ever and ever so many little boys and girls who have nothing at all to look forward to, perhaps not even so much as a crust of bread to expect on Christmas? In Russia, for instance, and in Austria, and in so many other parts of the world, even in the big cities of our own glorious country children are freezing and starving to death with no one to give them clothing or food. The Infant Jesus loves them all. Won't you say a prayer at the Crib for them that someone may take pity on these poor little sufferers? Maybe you will also have a few pennies to spare for them.

But Santa Claus must not be uppermost in your minds when you think of Christmas. You must not forget that it is the birthday of Jesus, who loves you so much, and that He came down from His beautiful home in Heaven just because He loved you. He gives you His heart and He wants you to give Him your hearts in return. When you visit the Crib ask Him that you may love Him in return and that you may be always good and pure and holy and always love Him. He wants you to prepare a place in your hearts to receive Him. Be sure to go to Holy Communion, if possible, on Christmas morning. May the Infant Jesus bless you.—Merry Christmas to all.

We wonder how many of our Boys and Girls saw the story of the "Holy Grail" which we printed last month. It is a new poem, one that was never printed before. It tells the story of the "Holy Grail" from the time it was first lost until the King Arthur stories, which many of you, no doubt, have read. I am sure you will find it more interesting from month to month as it continues. There will be some pictures, too, to impress the beautiful story more vividly upon your minds. Be sure to read it and when it is finished tell us how you liked it.

### An Old English Carol

As Joseph was a-walking,  
He heard an angel sing,  
"This night shall be the birth-time  
Of Christ, the heavenly King.  
"He neither shall be born  
In house nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of paradise,  
But in an ox's stall.  
"He neither shall be clothed  
In purple nor in pall,  
But in the fair white linen,  
That usen babies all.  
"He neither shall be rocked  
In silver nor in gold,  
But in a wooden manger

That resteth on the mould."  
As Joseph was a-walking,  
There did an angel sing,  
And Mary's child at midnight  
Was born to be our King.  
Then be yet glad, good people,  
This night of all the year,  
And light ye up your candles,  
For His star, it shineth clear.

### Bunny Bobtail's Merry Christmas

Bunny Bobtail was a little brown rabbit, and he lived in a little, little hole at the foot of a big pine tree.

One morning when it was cold and snowy and the wind blew very hard, Bunny Bobtail was obliged to leave his hole and go for a little journey through the woods. He had eaten no breakfast and he felt very hungry. That was the reason why he had to leave his nice warm bed of leaves to hop across the fields to the turnip patch, where he knew that there were two or three turnip stumps still sticking up through the snow.

But on the way to the turnip patch, Bunny Bobtail caught his foot in a trap. It was a trap made of a crooked stick and a string. It tied Bunny Bobtail's foot so tightly that he couldn't unknot the string for a long, long time. When he was finally able to pull his poor little foot out, he was very lame indeed. He limped slowly back across the snow to his home at the foot of the big pine tree.

Poor Bunny Bobtail! It was Christmas Eve, and he hadn't eaten his breakfast yet.

Next door to Bunny Bobtail lived little Mrs. Chickadee, who was a very busy little person, always learning news and passing it along to somebody else. When the sun was just setting and everything in the woods looked nice and white and sparkling for Christmas, Mrs. Chickadee, in her little black bonnet and her little white apron, hopped across the snow to the door of Bunny Bobtail's little, little house.

"Mr. Bunny Bobtail, oh, Mr. Bunny Bobtail," she twittered, "have you hung up your stocking? This is Christmas Eve, you know."

But Bunny Bobtail answered Mrs. Chickadee in a sad little voice and he said:

"I can't get up out of bed, Mrs. Chickadee. I am very, very lame, so how can I hang up my stocking?"

"Why, bless me," chirped Mrs. Chickadee, spreading out her breast and fairly bursting with the news, "I must go and tell everybody."

So she flew to the tip-top of the pine tree and there she sang as loudly and as sweetly as ever she could:

"Chick-a-dee-dee! Listen, everybody! Bunny Bobtail's sick in bed, and he can't hang up his stocking."

She sang it so loudly that Tommy Ground Hog heard and woke from his nap. Old Bruin Bear heard, and so did the Frisky Squirrels, and the young Cotton Tails who lived on the other side of the big turnip patch.

By and by, when it was very still in the woods, Mrs. Chickadee saw old Bruin Bear stalking along over the snow, and holding a little fir tree over his shoulder. He looked happy.

"Where are you going, old Bruin Bear?" twittered Mrs. Chickadee, excitedly.

"I am going to Bunny Bobtail's house with a Christmas tree," said old Bruin Bear, as he hurried by.

Pretty soon, Mrs. Chickadee saw Tommy Ground Hog digging his way along through the snow, looking very sleepy, but following the path that old Bruin Bear had made.

"Where are you going, Tommy Ground Hog?" chirped Mrs. Chickadee.

"I am going to Bunny Bobtail's house. I shall dig a hole for his Christmas tree," said Tommy Ground Hog, passing by.

It was not very long before Mrs. Chickadee saw the Frisky Squirrels tripping across the snow, on the tips of their toes, and carrying bunches of wheat and chains of pig nuts in their paws.

"Where are you going?" twittered Mrs. Chickadee in great excitement, because the Frisky Squirrels always stayed at home on Christmas Eve and ate their wheat-and nuts themselves.

"We are going to Bunny Bobtail's house," chattered the Frisky Squirrels. "We are going to trim Bunny Bobtail's Christmas tree."

Then just after the Frisky Squirrels were out of sight, Mrs. Chickadee spied two young Cotton Tails hopping along, and one carried cabbage leaves in his mouth and the other carried juicy turnip stalks.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Chickadee.

"We are going to Bunny Bobtail's house," said the two young Cotton Tails. "We are carrying Bunny Bobtail his Christmas dinner. You may come with us if you like, but don't sing. We are going to surprise Bunny Bobtail."

So Mrs. Chickadee flew along behind the two young Cotton Tails until they came to the little, little hole at the foot of the big pine tree where Bunny Bobtail lived. It was very hard indeed for Mrs. Chickadee to keep from saying something when she saw what was going on there. She had to hold her bill shut with one claw, she was so excited, for this was what she saw:

Tommy Ground Hog had dug a deep, deep hole and in it old Bruin Bear had stood the little green fir tree. The Frisky Squirrels hung the little green fir tree with bunches of yellow wheat and festooned the branches with chains of pig nuts. At the foot of the tree the two young Cotton Tails laid the cabbage leaves and the juicy turnip stalks. Then they all crept softly away. Only Mrs. Chickadee stayed because she was such a curious little person and wanted to see what would happen.

Well, the moon came out, and after awhile it was so late that it was almost Christmas morning. Bunny Bobtail woke from his sleep and his leg did not feel quite so lame, so he thought he would look outside and see what the weather predictions for Christmas were. He rolled out of his bed of leaves and he limped to the door of his house. Then he saw his Christmas tree.

First he smelled it, and then he tasted everything—the juicy turnip stalks, the cabbage leaves, the wheat and the pig nuts—to see if they were real. They were real, and so Bunny Bobtail forgot that he was lame, and he danced a rabbit's hornpipe in the snow in front of his little, little hole at the foot of the big pine tree because he was so happy.

And Mrs. Chickadee was so happy that she wanted to do something, too, for Bunny Bobtail. What do you think she did?

Why, she made up a perfectly new Christmas carol and sang it to Bunny Bobtail from the top of the big pine tree.

"Chick-a-dee-dee! Merry Christmas to everybody!" she sang as loudly and as sweetly as ever she could.

CAROLYN S. BAILEY.

### Christmas Times

Christmas times in Georgy! know it by the way  
The little boy is talkin' 'bout the toys every day;  
Fer he's seen 'em in the winders wher' his mother  
walked along,

An' "What you goin' to buy me?" is his everlastin' song!

Christmas times in Georgy! jest as sure as fate;  
Know it by the little girls that hang aroun' the gate.  
Waitin' with a kiss fer me when evenin' comes along;  
An' "What you goin' to buy me?" is their everlastin' song!

Christmas times in Georgy! 'Pears to me that they  
Are in a powerful hurry for to 'mind you o' the day;  
As if the old-time fellers that's lived so mighty long  
Didn't know the time o' Christmas 'thout that everlastin' song!

But—thank the Lord, there's some one in the homes  
aroun' us yit  
To kiss us all fer Christmas so's we never kin' forget!  
An' thank the Lord fer little ones that think the time is long

An' make us young forever with the music o' that song!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Little Grey Lamb

Long, long ago there was a flock o' beautiful sheep,  
except one little grey lamb.

He wished so much to be white. He asked the wind:

"Can you make me white?"

"No, little grey lamb."

It asked the earth: "Can you make me white?"

"No, little grey lamb."

It asked the clouds. It begged the rain to wash it white, but it was just as grey after the storm.

One night, while the shepherds were watching their flocks, a glorious star shone in the sky. Angel voices were heard like sweetest music. The shepherds arose and went into Bethlehem, where the Christ Child lay in the manger. When they had bowed down to worship Him they returned to the field to care for their sheep.

The shepherds were filled with wonder. They talked and talked about the Christ Child. The little grey lamb heard them, and longed to go see the wondrous Babe, too.

One day when they were near the town there came three wise men riding upon camels. The little grey lamb followed them, and they led him where the Christ Child lay.

Kneeling down, the wise men offered precious gifts of gold, jewels, incense, and myrrh, but the Christ Child stretched forth His hands to the little grey lamb looking in the doorway. He could not resist the little hands, his heart was filled with love, and he trotted over towards the Mother and the Babe, forgetting all about himself and how unworthy he was.

The Christ Child touched not the jewels, but patted the grey lamb's head.

He made the sign of the cross—and lo! the grey lamb became as white as snow.

Across the ocean in one of the great beautiful churches you may see this pictured in a lovely stained-glass window.

The three kings are kneeling there with their precious gifts upon the ground, but the Christ-Child makes the sign of the cross on the grey lamb's head.

### The Christmas Cake

"Behind the bread is the snowy flour,  
Behind the flour is the mill,  
Behind the mill, the golden wheat  
Waves on the field and hill.  
Over the wheat is the golden sun  
Ripening the heart of the grain;  
Over the sun is the gracious God  
Sending the sunlight and rain"

were the words Mary was reading as she came from school.

"Mother, we must memorize these lines and then tell in class Monday what they mean. I can't do it. I don't see why Sister asks us to do such hard things."

"Well, my dear," replied her mother, "it is by doing difficult things that we improve. Were we to do only the easy tasks we should soon get into a rut. Perhaps by the time the Christmas vacation ends you will be able to tell the meaning of the little stanza you have just quoted. Put it away for the present and help me with the supper, please."

Mary obediently put her paper away and did as her mother bade her. The following day Mrs. Evans said, "Mary, I have no flour and I wish to make my Christmas fruit cake today. Will you please run down to the store and get me a sack? Take the little Express wagon."

"All right, Mother," responded Mary cheerfully. That will be fun. It is down hill all the way from the store and I can come a scooting."

"Don't scoot too fast, Mary, or you might upset," laughed her mother.

Mary went joyfully on her errand. The air was keen and frosty and she skipped along humming a gay little tune, for wasn't Christmas only a few days away and who could help feeling gay and almost giddy with eager anticipations.

At the store she stopped, her cheeks rosy and her breath coming in jerks. She made a very pretty picture and the grocer smiled down at her as he said, "And what can I do for you today, my little maid?"

"A sack of flour please."

"I'm sorry that I cannot fill your order but I am clear out."

"Oh, that is all right. I can go to the mill. I have been there many times and this is a lovely morning." And away Mary went.

The miller was sweeping the snow off the steps as Mary came up with her wagon. "Well, little lady, how are you this morning and what may your errand be?"

"I would like a sack of flour, please. Mother wants to bake her Christmas fruit cake and she is out of flour. I went to the store but the grocer had sold his last sack so I came here."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, little lady, but I haven't a sack left in the mill and I am out of wheat. Farmer Jones promised to bring me some but he hasn't been here yet. I expect him sometime today. I thought he would be here yesterday."

"Farmer Jones only lives a half mile away and I can run up there and ask him to bring a load of wheat this morning then you can grind it into flour so Mother can have a sack to make her Christmas fruit cake."

Mary's steps lagged a little but she was determined to accomplish her errand.

Mr. Jones was out in the yard cranking his car and Mary ran as fast as she could to call his attention before he should get away.

"Oh Mr. Jones, can you please take a load of wheat to the mill this morning so the miller can grind it into flour so mother can have a sack to make her Christmas fruit cake?"

"Well, well, well!" laughed Mr. Jones, "So that is the way the wind blows is it? Who sent you here, my dear?"

"Nobody, sent me, but Mother must have some flour or we cannot have any fruit cake for Christmas. And the miller said you promised to bring him some wheat so I thought maybe if I would ask you perhaps you could take it to him this morning. It is only three days till Christmas and fruit cakes have to be made early you know."

"Well, well, that is so. Mrs. Jones made ours yesterday. I was going for a drive but I guess I can go this afternoon."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Jones. The miller said your wheat was good and it will make fine flour."

"Well, Mary, the good God from whom we receive all our gifts, sent the rain and the warm sunshine so that the grain grew and ripened. We should be very grateful to Him for His loving watchfulness."

Mary went back home and told her mother all about where she had been and why she could not bring the flour.

"The fruit cake can wait until tomorrow," said Mrs. Evans, "I shall have plenty of time to make it then. Suppose you memorize those lines now while you are resting. I mean the little poem you brought home from school yesterday."

Mary took her notebook and read aloud "Behind the bread is the snowy flour. Behind the flour is the mill." As she read on her eyes opened wider and a thoughtful expression came into them. She read the lines over and over and finally exclaimed, "Oh Mother, I can tell Sister what this means. Isn't it beautiful and I thought it was so hard yesterday."

### Two Artists

At his easel sat an artist  
With his palette and his brush.  
Little Clare, a maid of seven,  
Pausing to avoid the rush,

Stood and watched him through the window  
While he painted, how he made  
Jesus, as a smiling Infant,  
Meekly in His manger laid.

"Wush 'ut I could paint His pitcher,"  
Softly to herself she said,  
As she turned to hurry homeward  
While this thought her footsteps sped.

At the Church she stopped and entered,  
(And a smile her lips did part)  
"Help me, Jesus, paint Your picture,  
On the canvas of my heart."

Jesus hears the prayers of children,  
And this little maid He blessed.  
Which of the completed pictures  
Do you think pleased Jesus best?

S. M. T., O. S. B.

### Devotion of the African Negroes for Christmas

At Franceville, we pay more attention to the externals of devotion at Christmas than we do for any other feast throughout the year, writes Father Biton in the *Negro Child*.

We announce the feast long in advance. Natives living at a great distance know all about Christmas. Though a Christian feast, the pagans make it the occasion for an exchange of good wishes.

At the Mission everybody is busy as can be several days before Christmas. The crib is placed in a corner



of the chapel but it is empty; near it, however, is the sweet Virgin Mary, kneeling on one knee; her hands are folded and her eyes are modestly cast down. St. Joseph is by her side and his expression is one of deep recollection and faith; the angels who announced the glad tidings, and the shepherds in rustic costumes are represented. Some of the people cut branches and superb palms from the trees to decorate the chapel; others gather pretty, tender moss; they do everything possible to contribute to the splendor of the feast.

It is now Christmas eve. Long caravans of Christians are arriving; some come from a long distance, having been two nights on the way. They first go to the chapel for a little visit, after which they go in groups to pay their respects to the Fathers. We must return their greetings and say something nice to each one in turn. After this we must hear confessions, and though very tired, we are most happy to purify the souls of these children—these hearts where the Divine Infant will rest, nor does He disdain these Christmas cribs.

But hark! It is 11:30 p. m. The report of a gun is heard three times! And now, too, the bells ring out and the chapel door is opened wide. The priest who heads the procession walks out, followed by his acolytes and a great number of other little Negroes wearing red cassocks. Four of the youngest carry a cushion trimmed with white lace; the procession proceeds to a nice clean little room at the very end of the main corridor; the little Jesus is in this room; they place him on the pretty cushion and bear Him away triumphantly, all the while singing sweet, popular hymns: "The Divine Child was born," Wu gekeyis Mwan a Ndzami!

All the people join in the sweet refrain, and the bells which had been silent for a while, begin to peal again. The procession finally reaches the terminus of its slow march. The Infant Jesus is carefully and solemnly laid in His little crib; the procession returns slowly along the well-lighted way, a soloist begins to sing: "Christians, it is midnight, the solemn hour!"

The holy sacrifice of the Mass proceeds in the midst of the most religious quiet. "Oh, what a beautiful feast," remarked one of the Christians to his pagan friend. "Yes," answered the latter, "and why don't the Missionaries celebrate this feast at least twice a year?"

### Exchange Smiles

Tommy and Bob just came home from a visit to grandma.

"I suppose grandma was quite busy cooking her basket of peaches?" said mother.

"Not very," replied Bobby, "Tommy and me saved her a lot of work. They tasted so fine we didn't leave her but a few to cook."

"Aunt Lou, have you any pennies in your purse?" asked Don.

I found one and his face brightened.

"If you give me that penny I'll give you a dime," he said.

After doing his bidding I asked why he wanted the penny and told him the dime meant ten pennies.

"Yes, I know that," he said, "but mother won't let me spend the dime; and I can spend the penny."

Sunday-school Teacher—What did Belshazzar learn from the writing on the wall?

Bright Little Girl—That his walls hadn't been dusted in a long time.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study:

"I've got to original sin," said one; "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

Little four-year-old Johnnie was asked by his mother to blow his nose. Johnnie replied, "Mamma, it's no use. It won't stay blowed."

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "what can you tell me of America's foreign relations at the present time?"

"They're all broke," answered the brightest boy in the class.

### Christmas Gold

(Continued from page 241)

the splendid old gentleman would make no mistake as to address, Mary Kathaleen and Bob saw the little fellow home.

Then the two young people went to hear the golden notes of the great organ tell of the shepherds and the starlight of the first Christmas. The sacred music set their hearts athrob with a message of love and hope. Under the magic spell of the music, Mary Kathaleen's hand sought Bob's and closed over a little box. When her trembling fingers opened the lid, out shone a star of frozen flame, a diamond bought with Christmas gold and saved from the thieves by the gift of a golden heart.

### Women as Dictators

(Continued from page 236)

the pulpit and sit in the pew, but we also must stand as well as sit." There is more in the same strain, followed by this alarming threat: "Unless the men of the church realize definitely our claims we shall have to have our own priesthood."

Of course it would be unfair to expect Mrs. Belmont, a non-Catholic, to believe that since Christ's Church ordains and has always ordained that men alone shall be priests it is plain that such is Christ's will. To quote St. Paul to her would be equally bootless: He probably did not mean what He said.

Mrs. Belmont is energetic, and determined, and never discouraged, and as head of the Woman's Party she wields immense influence. If she and her associates work their will woman's suffrage will become a calamity to this country, not only for reasons which the conservatives urged against the granting of it, but because its power will have been grasped by hands utterly unfit to use it well. The spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution will be forgotten, and Christian principles will be ignored. Meanwhile Catholic women are not united, are but little interested, and by hundreds and thousands are willing sheepishly to follow whoever takes the lead.

## Abbey and Seminary

—Rt. Rev. Emmanuel Ledvina, Bishop of Corpus Christi, class of '93, came on the evening of Nov. 1 to spend a short while in our midst. His Lordship is on a collecting tour for the many needs of his poor diocese.

—On All Saints Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass. The procession to the cemetery after Vespers was interrupted by a shower which sent cassocks, surplices, and habits scurrying to a place of shelter. The whole day was dark and rainy. A number of fathers, mothers, and other relatives of students were here for the joyful feast.

—All Souls was like a balmy day in spring. Evidently the weather man got confused and pulled the wrong cord or pushed the wrong button when he turned the weathers loose for Nov. 1 and 2. After the Solemn Requiem we went in procession to the Abbey Cemetery to pray for our dead while the parish prayerfully wended its way to the "God's Acre" on the hill to meditate on the shortness of life, the proximity of death, an unending eternity, and to intercede for their departed ones.

—Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., Coadjutor Abbot of Conception Abbey in Missouri, arrived on Nov. 4. Abbot Philip was bound for St. Louis to attend the consecration of Bishop Gilfillan, recently appointed Coadjutor Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo., and he took this opportunity to pay his first visit to St. Meinrad.

—Our Rt. Rev. Guest celebrated a Pontifical Requiem on the morning of Nov. 6 for our deceased confreres, relatives, and benefactors.

—Nov. 7 was election day. Many a candidate's heart went pitapat while awaiting his fate. Since machines have been installed, instead of blue-penciling the separate ballots as in former times, voting has become rather a mechanical operation. To us "old-timers" it is somewhat strange to see women voters at the polls.

—Good roads! Improved roads!! To St. Meinrad!!! —Listen! There is a good roads' movement on. No, it isn't mere talk over corn-cob pipes around the heating stove in a country grocery when roads are impassable. We are nearer to the realization of our hopes than we were a year ago. The contractor for the stretch of road that is to connect the State Highway with Dale began the second week in November to clear the right of way. The State Highway had not at this writing made quite so much headway. This, however, is not to be ascribed to the State Highway Commission, which has worked faithfully for the furtherance of the new highway, but the delays occasioned by the various legal processes through which the plans have had to pass. After the State had approved of the plans, Federal aid was secured. This necessitated the sending of the plans to a commission at Chicago. Some modifications were made, for instance, the cutting down of all grades from ten to seven per cent. The engineers went over the proposed highway and made the required alterations. The Chicago officials being then satisfied, final approval had to be obtained from the Federal Government at Washington. Early in November we were informed that Uncle Sam had acceded to our request. The next step in the process is to advertise for bids and—make the dirt fly. It is said that all good things come to those who wait. We are still waiting, but our courage is not waning. The near future shall see an improved highway connecting us with the rest of the world. For years past our roads were good when the weather was good. We hope soon to be independent of the weather for locomotion.

—November 13, All Saints of the Order of St. Benedict,

was a beautiful summer day with the temperature at 78. The feast of 1922 will remain memorable for several reasons. During High Mass, which was followed by Benediction, Bro. Alexius, our graduate nurse, made his perpetual vows. The music both at the Mass and at Benediction was enhanced by the chancel choir under the capable direction of Father Thomas. After the Mass the College boys with a number of their professors went on a six-mile "hike" to Ferdinand. They returned at six p. m. sore and tired but with the recollection of a pleasant day. And last, but by no means least, part of the seminarians were occupied the whole day moving into the rooms on the upper floor of the new seminary, which they are to occupy henceforward. The rest will move as soon as the other floors are in readiness.

—The day following All Saints of the Order was All Souls of the Order. The Office of the Dead was chanted in choir, and a Solemn Requiem was celebrated at 7:30, but rain prevented a procession to the cemetery.

—We notice that among the recent changes in the diocese of Fort Wayne several of our alumni were affected. Rev. Frederick Rothermel, class of '16, was transferred from Michigan City to Crown Point; Rev. William Rachor, class of '18, who has been at Crown Point, took the place vacated by Father Rothermel at Michigan City.

—Rev. William Schaeffers, College '07-'09, and Rev. John Walde, College '12-'17, came on Nov. 7 for a visit of several days. Father Schaeffers is a brother of Father Thomas. Father Walde was ordained on Oct. 29 at Oklahoma City for the diocese of Oklahoma by his bishop. On Nov. 5 he celebrated his First High Mass at St. Louis. Father Schaeffers preached in English and Father Albert, rector of the St. Meinrad Theological Seminary, preached in German.

—A card from Rev. Frederick Rothermel, class of '16, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Michigan City, Ind., says that he is recuperating at Henrietta, Texas, the guest of Rev. Christian Dreiling, College '05-'09, who is pastor there. These two Rev. Fathers were classmates and both began their first year in Latin under the tutelage of ye editor.

—Sisters Mary Magdalen and Madeline Marie, Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, were in our vicinity on the first Sunday of November collecting for their mission work in Alabama. They expressed themselves as much gratified at the generosity of the Catholics in the North.

## Book Notices

A beautiful loose-leaf calendar of the Blessed Sacrament may be had from the Sentinel Press, 185 East 76th Street, New York, N. Y., price 50¢ postpaid. It is a calendar both attractive and practical. On each slip are the date, day, and month, the feast celebrated on that day, and an appropriate quotation from some spiritual writer.

H. D.

"Mary's Rainbow," by Clementia, the author of "Mostly Mary," "Uncle Frank's Mary" and other Catholic girl-juveniles, a book of 157 pages, has just been published by Matre & Co., 76 West Lake St., Chicago, at \$1.00 postpaid. We are sure that all who have read the other books by this gifted author will want Mary's Rainbow too.

Blase Benziger & Co., of New York City, have put on the market "Saranac," a new novel by John Talbot Smith. The book, which contains 280 pages, sells for \$1.75.



# The 1923 Grail Catholic Art Calendar

## A Catholic Art Calendar The Christmas Gift That Lasts a Year

A more fitting Christmas gift for Catholics to give on the day on which Christ was born could not be found. It contains excerpts and messages from Him Whom all Catholics love and adore. What other gift could be purchased that would be more appropriate to give on His Birthday? Last year many used these calendars instead of Christmas cards, which are soon thrown away and forgotten. It is a Christmas gift that will be remembered by the recipient for an entire year.

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extent, the missing of Mass on holy days of obligation and on lesser feasts, and has been responsible for the avoidance of eating meat on Days of Abstinence. On the last page are facts about the rites, rituals, and practices of the Church which every Catholic should know.

## Calendars Should Be Ordered Now!

You may think that it is too early even to think of purchasing an article now that you are not going to use until next January. But the

wise buyer looks ahead and is never disappointed. He buys his coal in April to avoid a coal shortage. Each calendar is wrapped in a strong cardboard tube which can be tucked away in your dresser drawer, assuring freshness and cleanliness for Christmas giving.

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# Your Christmas Present To The Savior

## WHAT WILL IT BE?

With the approach of the happy season of Christmas our thoughts again turn to our friends and, weeks in advance, we busy ourselves studying and planning what suitable gift we can give them. Lest any friend be overlooked and given a pretext for feeling slighted we carefully list each name and determine just what we are going to give each one. Should we accidentally overlook a particular dear friend, how grieved would we not feel and how quickly would we not hasten to make amends. This is indeed a commendable and praise-worthy custom and without doubt brings sunshine and happiness into many a home and heart.

And yet, in our solicitude for our earthly friends do we not sometimes entirely overlook and neglect another certain friend, one who has shown himself our greatest benefactor, one to whom we owe all that we are and have, the Divine Friend, our Lord Jesus Christ? What Christmas gift are we going to give Him this year? Will we place His name at the very head of our list and select for Him the best and choicest gift? If we neglect Him will He not have reason to feel slighted and should we not be sorely grieved? What explanation will we offer Him on Christmas morning when we approach the Holy Table to receive Him and His blessing if we have not given Him an actual present suitable to our means and in line with the presents we have given to our other friends?

In sober truth, dear friend, we can and should give Our Savior a Christmas present as well as our other friends. We cannot give it to Him directly but we can give it to those who represent Him, the poor and the needy. He tells us so in His own words when He says: "Whatsoever you have done unto one of these my least brethren, you have done unto me." Without doubt, at the present time, *the least of His brethren*, are the poor and needy, the poverty-stricken and hard-pressed, the under-fed, insufficiently clothed, suffering and helpless people of Germany and Austria. For their sake, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, we most urgently plead and appeal to your generosity and Christian charity for an alms which you can offer as your Christmas gift to the Savior. As their needs are many and pressing, and since we are blessed with peace and plenty we earnestly beseech you to give generously according to your means.

As Christmas is the same everywhere and looked forward to with the same expectations, what a vast amount of suffering we can alleviate and what untold happiness we can bring these poor people thru an alms. They ask not for luxuries and fineries, but for food and clothing. A child, asked what it wanted for Christmas, with childish simplicity said: "A big piece of bread." To what a pitiful condition these people must be reduced when to a child the ideal Christmas present is a big piece of bread? Does your child ask for butter and bread for Christmas? Yes, dear friend, Your Christmas Present to the Savior, What will it be?

The Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad will gladly and cheerfully receive and forward, at their own expense, all money which you may wish to send to these people, as well as Mass stipends for the Priests and Religious of these countries. Address your letter to, and make checks and money orders payable to:

**Benedictine Fathers, B. F., St. Meinrad, Ind.**

Benedictine Fathers, B. F.,  
St. Meinrad, Ind.

I am here enclosing \$..... as A Christmas present for our Lord Jesus Christ. Please forward this amount for me to the suffering people of Germany and Austria.

Name.....

Address.....



